

The Sketch

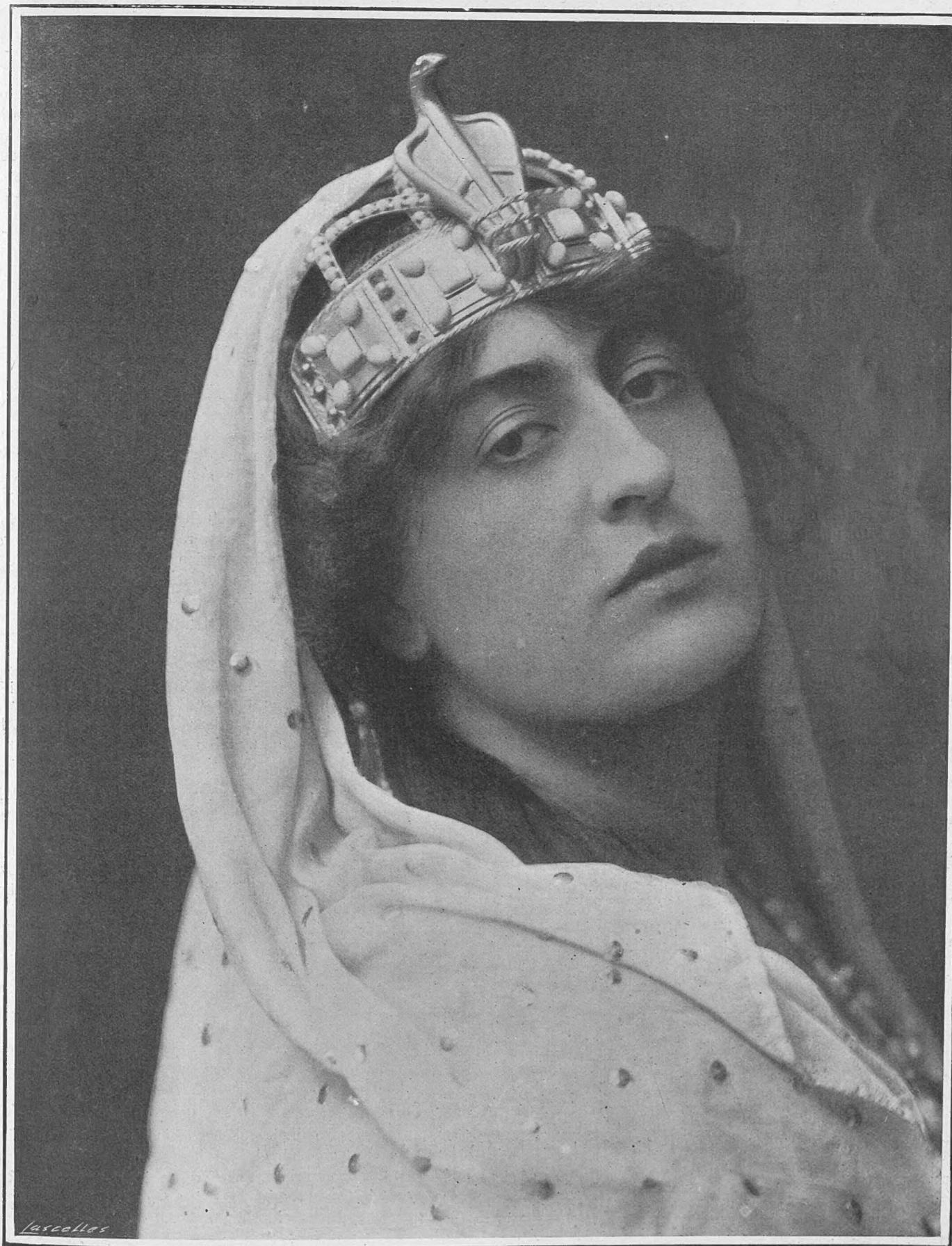


C. HENTSCHEL SS

No. 486.—VOL. XXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



Lassalle

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS IRAS IN "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



HOLIDAYS, I venture to assert, are a mistake. They interrupt business, cost money, undermine the health. In addition to these evils, the holiday-maker, forced to return to work after his holiday, becomes peevish, dissatisfied, ill-tempered. He is in the position of a tram-horse whose tram has been stopped by an old lady in the middle of a hill. The brief rest is all very well in its way, but the strain on the collar when he has to start the tram again means a terrible tax on his stock of vitality. The worst of it is that holidays are so fashionable in this country. I do not mean that the leisured classes look upon them with a favourable eye; indeed, I have heard some very hard things said about Whit-Monday enthusiasts by people whose conditions of life rendered it impossible for them to appreciate the true inwardness of the thing. But, from the conscience-stricken solicitor to the sweated factory-girl, there prevails an idea that holidays are the one thing that make life tolerable in this island of saddening shocks.

As a matter of fact, of course, nobody ever enjoys a holiday at the time that he is taking it. There is always the worry of time-tables, and hotel-bills, and tips, and sight-seeing, and all the other sorrows of the self-conducted tourist. For myself, when I have been away from London for three days, I am longing to feel the sting of the Strand dust in my face and mad to quarrel with the easy arrogance of the *Daily Mail*. In a very short time, the babel of foreign tongues begins to irritate my ears, the gesticulations of pantomimic waiters to upset my nerves. When I get home, however, and people ask me to tell them just how much I was delighted with the change, I find myself waxing enthusiastic over the scenery I have seen, the people I have met, the dishes I have eaten. One doesn't like to confess to failure, I suppose, even in the matter of holiday-making.

Contradictory by nature though I may be, I do not propose to speak in favour of the really disgracefully wet weather from which we have for some time been shrinking. And yet, had it not been for the raininess of this present month, I might never have learnt the real value of the umbrella as an aid to dignity. There was a time, and not so long ago, when I would rather have been seen carrying a dead sheep or an armful of monkeys than an umbrella. I preferred, infinitely, to ruin a hat or catch a cold in a doorway rather than provide myself, on leaving home in the morning, with a prosaic, matter-of-fact gamp. But that is all changed now. I see the folly of my old ideas at last. In a flash it came to me—the real, solid, steadfast respectability of the umbrella. Faugh! I would no sooner trust a man without an umbrella than I would ride in a hansom on a slippery day. Do not, I beg of you, imagine that this is merely a passing whim of mine, an airy fancy born of a moment's sunshine. I mean to stick to my new theory, cost me what it may in mislaid or misappropriated—er—umbrellas.

Apart from the wonderful playing of the only Kubelik, I had a most enjoyable time at the Fourth Concert of the Philharmonic Society. The first thing that interested me was a heavily moustached, gaudily monocled gentleman on my left who persisted in imploring his wife to go home. He was so obviously bored to death by the whole thing that I felt quite indignant with the heavy, determined lady who had brought him there. Indeed, when I saw him trying to while away the time by reading over the list of soloists who have appeared at the 678 concerts given by the Society, I could have wept for very sympathy. It reminded me so forcibly of my early church-going days, when, during the sermon, I used to puzzle and puzzle over the "Table to find Easter." I don't remember that I ever

found Easter, but the effort to do so helped me through many a weary discourse delivered in jerky periods by self-conscious young curates.

Another thing that amused me in connection with the Philharmonic Society's Concert was the programme, for which I paid—in cash—one shilling. Somebody, I found, had been at pains to prepare a running literary accompaniment to the music to be performed. Whoever he may be, he has a fine journalistic instinct, in addition to his evident poetic gift. For example, realising that some members of the audience, such as the gentleman on my left, might not care for music, he provided us with little tit-bits of this kind: "The work was first introduced to public notice by this performer at his benefit concert given in Vienna, December 23, 1806, when, with questionable taste, he also played a sonata on one string with the violin held upside down." "Questionable taste" is excellent, but I dare say my monocled friend would have been greatly relieved if Kubelik had given us a little something "with the violin held upside down."

Under the heading, "Lovelorn at Sixty," there appeared in a morning paper last week the touching story of a certain maiden lady who fell in love long years ago and is still hoping. The object of her affection, who was but nineteen years of age when he first attracted the dear soul's attention, and is now a mere boy of thirty-four, so far from responding to the lady's advances—made in some thousands of passionate letters—actually brought her up before the magistrates. Some of the letters were read in Court. "I cannot live," wrote this sentimental sexagenarian, "without my bonnie Len." (His name, you see, is Leonard.) "It nearly kills me, dearie, when I see you laughing and talking with other girls." I regret to note that the plaintiff's solicitor actually suggested that the dear soul should be sent to Holloway for a morth. Luckily for society, we are not all so unsympathetic. There are still some of us who cannot bear to think of that brave old heart beating out its tragedy in pathetic loneliness. And how true she was! On April 28 she wrote: "I have never linked my arm in any man's, dear, all the years I have known you, or gone for a walk with any other." Would that it might be my lot to meet with such unselfish devotion. For fear of any misunderstanding, however, I hasten to add that at present I have no vacancy, my heart being entirely let off in sections for the Coronation.

It's of no use denying it—the theme of the hour is the Coronation. Everyone is talking about it, thinking about it, dreaming about it. Young ladies in suburban residences, after spending an exciting day with their English History books, retire to rest to see bedizened Kings and bejewelled Princes, mounted on wide-eyed, enthusiastic steeds, caroling past in an endless, glittering procession. The Coronation is in our food, our drink; it shines at us from every window; it leaps to meet us from every ripple on the river. The theatres, the concert-rooms, the music-halls resound with it; the streets re-echo it; that grand force, the police, anticipate it by putting on a bullying air and a quite impossible amount of side. For myself, I feel that I have struggled against the national malady long enough. From this moment, I shall cease to curl my lip at those who allude to the subject of the Coronation. I shall be worse than anybody else; I mean to have Coronation fever fearfully. Do not be surprised, therefore, to find me writing about the matter every week, for I promise you this page shall bristle with ancient usages, exorbitant prices, inordinate homages. To the King, then, my merry gentlemen and fluttering maids! Long live the King!

Chicst

TWO GREAT SENSATIONS IN PARIS LAST WEEK.



M. HUMBERT,
HUSBAND OF THE LADY WHOSE PRESENCE
IS SO MUCH DESIRED IN PARIS.



M. ROMAIN D'AURIGNAC,
MADAME HUMBERT'S BROTHER.



THE HUMBERT MANSION IN THE AVENUE DE LA
GRANDE ARMÉE.



MADAME HUMBERT,
WHO BORROWED £2,500,000 ON SECURITY
OF A BUTTON AND AN ITALIAN SOU.

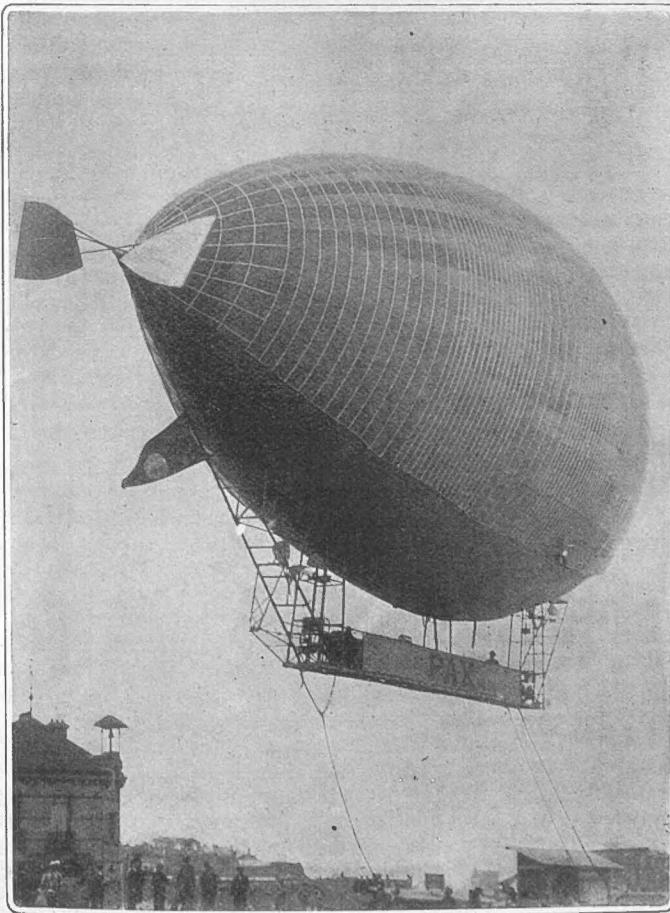


MDLLE. D'AURIGNAC,
MADAME HUMBERT'S SISTER.

THE HUMBERT-CRAWFORD SAFE HOAX, THE "GREATEST FRAUD IN HISTORY."

(See Page 168.)

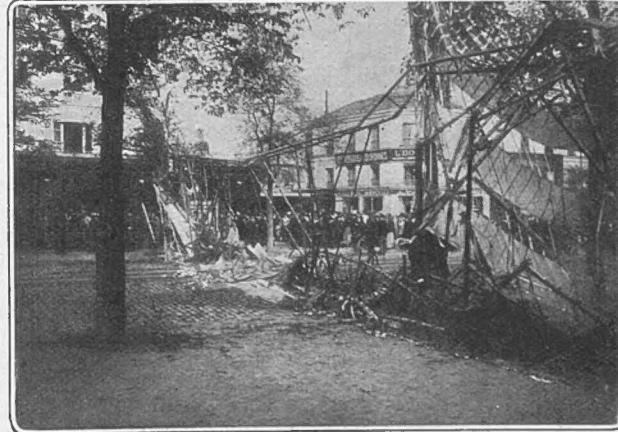
M. Severo.



THE AIR-SHIP'S FIRST AND LAST TRIP.



M. SEVERO TALKING OVER HIS PLANS WITH A FRIEND.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIR-SHIP.

THE SEVERO AIR-SHIP DISASTER, WHICH HORRIFIED ALL PARIS.

(See Page 160.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The Spanish King and Bull-Fights—Queen Christina—Life at San Sebastian—The Club at St. Pierre—A Question of the Moment.

I REMEMBER at the time of the Spanish-American War being struck by a picture in one of the Spanish comic papers. It showed a man overwhelmed with grief. A sympathetic friend asked him if it was the loss of Cuba and the Philippines which affected him so much, and received an indignant reply of "No." The cause of the man's grief was something far more important: his favourite bull-fighter had been gored and was unable to appear in the ring. Amidst the ceremonies and splendour of the Coronation of the little King of Spain, one thing has pleased the bulk of his subjects above all others, and that is the fact that the King officially recognises bull-fights as the sport of the country and will in future attend them. The boxes of the Plaza de Toros of Madrid have been hung with the antique tapestries of the Grandes de España, and the King's presence there secures him more popularity than all the statesmanlike qualities and every kingly virtue would. If you ask any Spaniard why Queen Christina, who has given over the heavy responsibilities of the Regency, has never been popular with the people, he will shrug his shoulders and say that there is no reason, or that the reason is that she is an Austrian; but the real reason, though every Spaniard is a little ashamed to own it, is that the Queen could never bring herself to face the horrors of the bull-ring and that the mob could not forgive her for shrinking from the bloodthirsty delights which were their one enjoyment in life.

I used to see the little King sometimes at San Sebastian, where he spent his summer holiday and where he was surrounded with less ceremony and apparently with fewer precautions than at Madrid. He, his mother the Queen, and his sisters used to walk in the town or on the beach in the mornings with very scant attendance, and in the afternoons, walking along a country road, a couple of men on bicycles would fly past me, and then, with the sound of many bells, a landau drawn by four mules would appear, with the little King and his mother, or one of the military officers of his suite, in it. He always seemed to be grave—a quiet, slim, olive-complexioned little Prince, with dark, quick, roving eyes. The gossip that came beyond the walls of Miramar concerning him was chiefly of his skill in fencing and the marked favour he showed to Masters-of-Arms, decorating Kirchoffer with the Order of Carlos III. and Mimiague with that of Isabella la Católica after a particularly good fencing-bout. He used to play billiards on even terms with a brilliant amateur, Señor Bombín, and is a good lawn-tennis player. His proficiency as a shot and a horseman is well known.

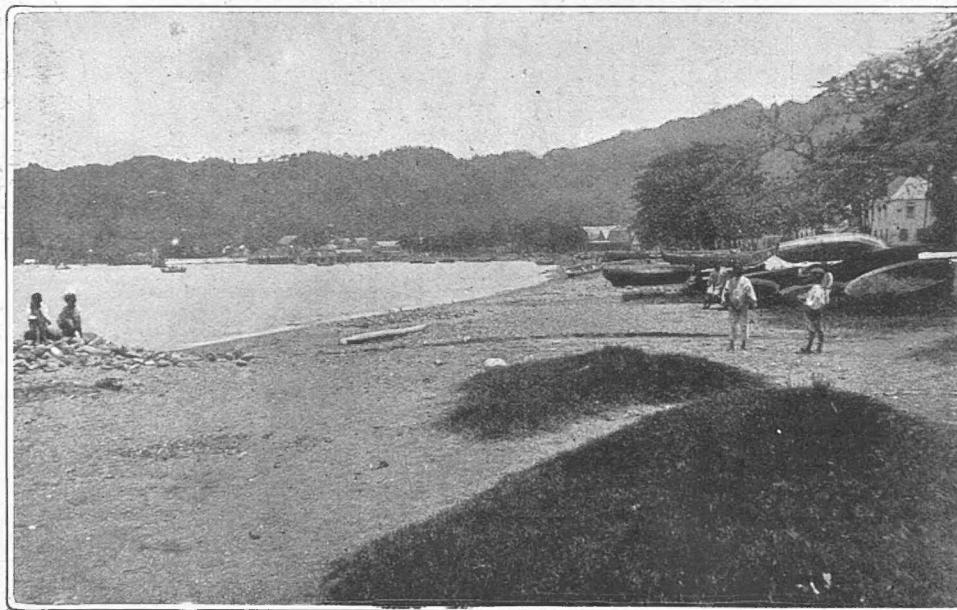
There was a little Club at St. Pierre on the first-floor of which was a large room used for theatricals. The amateur actors of St. Pierre, for some reason good to themselves, considered themselves superior in art to the amateur actors of Barbadoes, where amateur acting has always flourished, but, with great hospitality, once offered the use of their stage to the Thespians of the English island if they chose to make an expedition there and play for a charity. The English amateurs, for some reason I forget, did not accept the kind invitation, and, therefore, I who, at the time on a visit to the island, was numbered amongst the elect of Barbadoes, can do no more than record the fact that there was a Club and a stage in the town which has disappeared with such awful suddenness. I had some little experience of volcanic disturbances when I was in the Far East, and of all the things that put fear into the heart of a man there is nothing so terrifying as to feel the earth in movement and the walls of the house you are in beginning to sway. In ordinary danger, one can do something or attempt something, but when the earth begins to heave one can only sit still and wonder if one will be swallowed up.

The question of the moment amongst Clubmen is, "What have you had to pay for your seats?" For in all the Clubs on the line of the procession the seats on the stands have been now ballotted for, and a Clubman must be very unlucky if he has not drawn at least two. I am the prospective possessor of four for the day of the long procession, and I have paid two guineas each for two, with no refreshment

included in the bargain, and thirty-five shillings each for another two, with a champagne lunch thrown in. I have not yet heckled the Secretary of the more expensive Club as to the reason of greater price charged, and should probably be told, if I did so, that if I am not satisfied there are many other members ready to succeed to my tickets. But I take it that, as no Club expects to make money out of the stands put up for the Coronation, the price charged in each case represents little more than the expenses of putting up the fabric and of repairing damages to the building after the woodwork has been taken down. Some Clubs—my thirty-five-shilling Club amongst them—keep their woodwork stored ready for these processional occasions, and a little paint, some new draperies, and a few days' work for the carpenters are all that are required to erect them. The Clubs in Piccadilly and Pall Mall and St. James's Street which were not far-seeing enough to have their Jubilee stands made, like a Chinese puzzle, to put up and take down in the shortest possible time, will, no doubt, have learned wisdom by now, and every Club, in future, will have its Grand Stand stored away in the cellars, ready to be erected at a day's notice. They will be required often enough, for the reign of Edward VII. is sure to supply many pageants for the good citizens of London.

THE PARIS AIR-SHIP TRAGEDY.

On Monday of last week, M. Severo, the Brazilian aéronaut, met the fate which has so nearly befallen his intrepid countryman, M. Santos-Dumont, in his effort to perfect the dirigible balloon. At half-past five in the morning, after a series of successful evolutions about the aérostatic park at Vaugirard, M. Severo, accompanied by M. Sachet, an engineer in the employ of the Puccet firm, headed his air-ship "Pax" towards the military parade-ground at Issy, where a party of his well-wishers was to meet him. All went satisfactorily until the machine was poised over the Avenue du Maine, almost opposite the Rue de la Gaité. Then a tongue of flame leaped from the centre of the outer envelope, there was a loud explosion, and the "Pax" crashed to the ground, striking a house and trees in its descent of a hundred and fifty yards.



THE ST. VINCENT VOLCANO DISASTER: VIEW OF THE BAY, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.

M. Severo and his assistant were dashed to pieces, and a mass of wreckage was all that remained of the "Pax." The precise cause of the disaster can, of course, never be definitely decided. Two theories have been advanced—one, that an escape from one of the motors near the body of the balloon set fire to the hydrogen; two, that some part of the machinery, becoming overheated, fired the envelope. The unfortunate inventor was forty-two years of age and a member of the Federal Parliament of Brazil, the Government of which has decided to give him a national funeral. It is stated that he leaves his wife and seven children without resources.

THE DISASTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

The Soufrière, which has been to St. Vincent what Mont Pelée was to Martinique—the cause which has joined the hands of Great Britain and France in sympathy as they mingle their tears over their dead across the sea—resembles the latter volcano in that it lies to the north of the island. The journey from Kingstown to the foot of the mountain takes four or five hours by boat. The mountain itself is about four thousand feet high, but the road to the summit is tortuous, so that the journey is probably four or five times as long. From the summit the view is magnificent, for the island of St. Lucia can be seen on a fine day. The mountain has naturally been a source of terror to the superstitious negroes, who at one time used to believe that anyone who attempted to pass the night there would be sure to be dead before the morning. It is curious to recall the fact that in 1812, after the lapse of nearly a century, there was a frightful eruption of the mountain, by which the island was enveloped in chaotic gloom for three days and was deluged with showers of scoriae. The question may, therefore, be asked whether there is such a thing as a regular cycle of volcanic activity in these islands every hundred years. The question is the more pertinent seeing that the great earthquake at Jamaica, which destroyed Port Royal and buried it in the sea, with three thousand people, occurred towards the end of the seventeenth century.



MISS MADGE CRICHTON

AS ADA, THE BOND STREET TEA-GIRL, IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS," AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Crichton took up this part at very short notice, owing to the illness of Miss Ada Reeve, and at once achieved a great success.
This Photograph is by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

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L E T T E R S T O D O L L Y .

BY K E B L E H O W A R D

(Author of "The Chicot Papers," etc.).

With Upwards of Eighty Sketches by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A.

F I R S T N O T I C E S .

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"Travellers should not miss Mr. Howard's sentimental journey."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Windsor.

at the historic Castle naturally gave great satisfaction to the Royal Borough. The late Sovereign was always credited with regarding Windsor Castle as an official residence rather than as a home residence, but their Majesties have many pleasant associations with the stately pile, and the fine suite of rooms which has been arranged with a view to their occupation can vie in beauty and luxury with those of any Royal Schloss in Europe. The proximity of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children at Frogmore House will naturally make a sojourn at Windsor a far greater pleasure to the King and Queen than would otherwise be the case.

As might have been expected, the suggested abolition of the Court-train caused great dismay both among dressmakers and among the manufacturers of splendid fabrics. Accordingly, Queen Alexandra, with her usual thoughtful kindness, has allowed the new rule to be revised, and now every lady attending a Court at Buckingham Palace may wear a light train so made that it can be carried upon the arm. In the case, however, when a débutante is being presented, both the fortunate maiden herself and her social godmother must wear the old orthodox Court costume.

Each Court seems to be more brilliant than the last, and it is said that, owing to the new regulations now in force, many more ladies will be able to be present than was the case at the earlier functions of the kind. Wonderful stories are being told of the marvellous gemmed fabrics which will be seen at the next evening Court. There will, of course, be many more opportunities than was once the case of showing off beautiful frocks and jewels, for a Court will now resolve itself into a Royal reception, the King and the Queen passing through their assembled guests, instead of, as was formerly the case, their guests passing before them in single file. It is very probable that at least one Court will be held during Coronation week. Should this come to pass, the scene will be a memorable one, for all their Majesties' Royal Coronation guests will be present. Curiously little is known on the Continent of the great English world, but such a function would give many foreign Royal personages an opportunity of seeing gathered together the beauty and chivalry of the country.

Rumoured Coronation Peerages.—Society is naturally much interested just now concerning the forthcoming Coronation Peerages. It has always been the custom, from time immemorial, to mark a British Coronation by the conferring of high honour on those to whom honour is due. Should Edward VII. not share his venerated mother's objections to the creation of new Dukedoms, it is quite probable that there will soon be new wearers of the strawberry-leaves. There is also a general idea that Sir Thomas Lipton may be raised to the Peerage, and also that more than one of

the group of great Englishmen who are also members of the ancient Jewish faith will take their places in the Upper House by Lord Rothschild and Lord Pirbright. The King, who is, of course, the fount of all honour, and who is known to take a very personal interest in these matters, is believed to be about to pay what a section of the American people are sure to regard as a real compliment, by raising Mr. Astor, who is, of course, a naturalised Englishman, to the Peerage. While wits suggest that he should take as his title that of "Lord Pall Mall," it is more likely that he will choose to be known as Lord Cliveden. Mr. Astor has deserved well of his adopted country. His charitable benefactions are immense, though but little bruited abroad,

and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has done good service to the present Government, having been most ably conducted by its popular Editor, Sir Douglas Straight.

It is, perhaps, owing to the untiring efforts of the King and Queen, who have long been enthusiastic patrons of the Opera House, that Covent Garden has now become quite a rallying-point of the great world. Their Majesties and Princess Victoria were present not only on the first-night, but on the two succeeding nights as well, and the Royal example was followed by many of those holders of boxes and stalls who were fortunate enough to have the chance of doing so. Of course, many well-known people have the use of their box only on alternate nights, or even only once a week. Many old habitués of Covent Garden regret the removal of the great chandelier, but in reality this change is not only an improvement, but obviates what was always a serious danger to those sitting immediately below it, while as for those humble individuals who frequent the amphitheatre, they are wholly to be congratulated on the abolition of the chandelier. Wonderful stories are already being told concerning the gala performance which is to take place on July 1. Those whose arduous



MISS VIOLET LINDSAY WOOD.

Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

duties lie beyond the footlights have certainly done their best to make the Coronation Opera Season a record one. Twenty-seven sets of new scenery have been installed and are in full working order, and it is an open secret that Lord de Grey and Mr. H. V. Higgins, to say nothing of M. Messager and Mr. Neil Forsyth, have been greatly helped as regards the actual decorative side of their work by Lady de Grey and a group of her clever artistic friends.

London theatres have always been justly noted for their scenery, but till comparatively lately the Grand Opera House in Paris stood first as regards the art of what may be called musical scenery. Now, however, it has a strong rival in Covent Garden, special efforts having been made to secure beautiful and original scenery for the great Wagnerian epics.

Miss Violet Wood.—Miss Violet Lindsay Wood is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Nicholas Wood and the late Mr. Nicholas Wood, who was for some time Conservative Member for the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham.

The Crown Jewels. It is interesting to recall that it is just over two hundred and thirty-one years since Colonel Thomas Blood made his notorious attempt to carry off the Crown Jewels from the Tower. The story is too well known to need telling with much detail. Blood visited the Tower in the guise of a clergyman and became intimate with the aged Custodian, and, under the pretence of arranging a match between the latter's daughter and his nephew, he introduced the would-be bridegroom and two friends into the Tower in the early morning of May 9, 1671. All were armed, and, after stunning the Custodian, they as nearly as possible escaped by St. Katherine's Gate, where horses were awaiting them, but, fortunately, were captured by Captain Beckman in the very nick of time. Blood, however, was pardoned by the King and received into great favour; indeed, the indulgence shown him is said to have become a public scandal.

The State Crown. The Crown so nearly stolen by Blood is not the one to be worn by His Majesty, for in 1838 a new Crown was made for Queen Victoria's Coronation. In the front of this and in the centre of four Maltese Crosses of diamonds is the famous ruby given to the Black Prince by the King of Castile in 1367, and worn by Henry V. in his helmet at Agincourt. Besides the Maltese Crosses, there are four *fleurs-de-lis*, each composed of eighty diamonds with a fine ruby in the centre. The precious stones in the Crown are: one large and fifteen smaller rubies, one large and sixteen smaller sapphires, two hundred and twenty-seven pearls, and nearly three thousand brilliants, rose-diamonds, and others.

The Work of Parliament. In the second stage of the Session, between Easter and Whitsuntide, the House of Commons has done some visible work. It has passed the new rules as to its days and hours; it has read the Education Bill a second time, after four days of long speeches; and it has discussed and re-discussed the Budget. Both the Education Bill and the Finance Bill have yet to undergo the ordeal of Committee, but, meantime, Mr. Balfour, on golf-course or in motor-car, may enjoy the reflection that he has made the House duller and more methodical and that he has abated the nuisance of questions by inducing a section of members to content themselves with printed answers on unimportant subjects.

Sir Michael and the Budget. If this, as some political gossips predict, is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's last Budget, he must be grievously disappointed by its treatment. Never since Bob Lowe's duty on matches has so much ridicule been caused by any financial project as the doubling of the duty on cheques. Sir Michael is a dangerous man to interview at any time, and recently members have approached him with fear and trembling. At last, however, they convinced him that his new impost on cheques would not be tolerated, and now it is withdrawn. The corn duty remains. Bury has returned a member against it in place of a Unionist, and the Liberals, under Sir William Harcourt, are to oppose it at every stage. Many of the Unionists would be glad if Peace could give Sir Michael a pretext for dropping this duty also. It is said his Budget has injured his Party in the country, and certainly his own reputation has, at an interesting moment, received a severe blow.

Waistcoats and Loyalty. At one of the "reach-me-down" tailoring establishments in Cheapside, the other day, a correspondent saw an entire window filled with what at first sight looked like a captive rainbow. On closer inspection, however, he saw that the glare of colour was occasioned by a display

of the firm's "Coronation waistcoats." These garments, he says, are made of bright-purple silk, with gilt buttons, and plentifully emblazoned with small crowns worked in yellow. The attention of the public was drawn to them by the inscription, "Very chic—Patriotic, but not vulgar!" which was printed on a large card affixed to the window. Not being in possession of a pair of smoked glasses, my correspondent was unable to make a sketch of these wonders.

When George Alexander Gibb Samson (known histrionically as George Alexander) married Florence Thélem he did the wisest thing he has ever done during his not utterly unwise career. Ever since Mr. Alexander gave up playing heroes for his first London Manager, Sir Henry Irving, and his next Managers, Messrs. Gatti, and took to management on his own account, Mrs. Alexander has been indeed a treasure to her husband, not only because of her own gracious charm and her great popularity in Society,

but also because of her sterling business qualities. Mr. Alexander always takes care to beat out all questions of his actor-managerial policy with the partner of his joys and sorrows. Moreover, I can assure you that not a costume of any kind, ancient or modern, goes on to the St. James's stage until such costume has been thought out and passed by Mrs. Alexander.

I hear from America that the publishers and booksellers are fully satisfied with the arrangements for discount publication. The league is well maintained, and, in consequence, the publishing and bookselling trades have prospered. Something has been done in this country, but the combination is less complete.

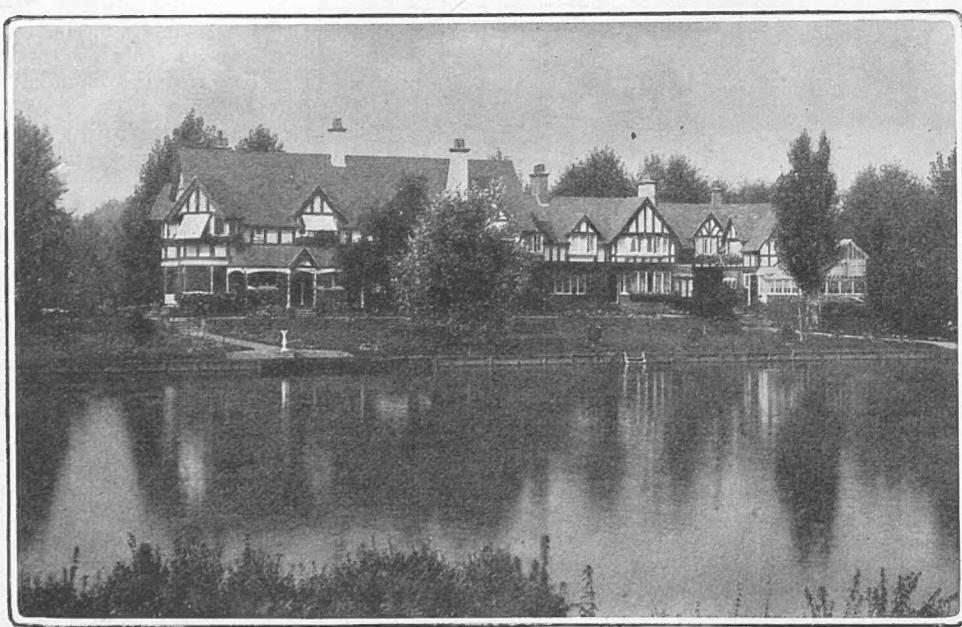
The New Gallery. In some respects the exhibition at the New Gallery is more impressive than that of the Academy. There is more work having a purely artistic aim, and less that is designed to meet the supposed needs of the general public. The show, in fact, does not make a strong, popular appeal, for sentimental episodes are at a discount, and pictures that tell a story are rarely to be found on the walls, while among the colour-schemes there is a good deal of the kind of thing that the lay mind does not readily apprehend. Take, for instance, Mr. Sargent's "Children of A. Wertheimer, Esq." It is, in any case, an astonishing work, and it must bewilder those visitors who look on it merely as a representation of children, and not as a daring colour-arrangement in which various shades of red culminate in the brilliant spot of vermillion on one little girl's shoulder, while the most delicate *eau-de-Nil* tones are introduced by way of contrast. None but a strong painter could have attempted such a feat as this. The figures take their places perfectly and the poses are quite natural. Of course, the dogs are merely details, yet I think they might have been more successfully rendered. One of them is undeniably like a hedgehog, and, of course, there will be those ready to laugh at it, as happened on the occasion of my visit, instead of giving attention to the more important qualities of the work. Mr. Sargent also exhibits a portrait of "The late Mrs. Goetz," a dignified composition in which brilliance is obtained notwithstanding that the pervading tones are sombre. He shows, moreover, a youth reclining beside a rushing Norway stream, with fishing-tackle and two fine salmon as accessory details. Some fine colour will be found in this work, and one wishes that the artist would return more often to outdoor effects.

Another artist strongly represented is Mr. J. J. Shannon, whose child-pictures are particularly



MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



BRAY LODGE, MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S RESIDENCE AT MAIDENHEAD.

Photograph by the Maidenhead Photographic Company.

noteworthy, though in "Miss Dorothy Chambers" there is a certain feeling of affectation that renders it less admirable than "Lady Diana, Daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby"—a really delightful representation of childhood that gains additional charm from the reserved treatment of the rich setting. Sir W. B. Richmond has exercised much restraint in the likeness of "Mrs. Clinton Dawkins." It is a low-toned scheme, somewhat poetically carried out, but there is a little weakness in the rendering of the head. Mr. Austen Brown shows an original composition in "Haymakers," with strong colour, derived from the glow of the setting sun, on the boldly drawn figures. Those who know the difficulty of arresting such a passing effect will appreciate the artist's courage in making such a determined attempt. The dashing treatment and telling effect of Mr. R. Brough's portrait-group of children, entitled "A Fairy-Tale"—for one of them is reading—should not escape notice, and interest will certainly be aroused by Mr. G. F. Watts's vigorous and imaginative composition, "Love Steering the Boat of Humanity."

The show is particularly strong in landscape, and, perhaps, there is nothing of this kind that deserves more admiration than Mr. Alfred East's "A Morning Song," which has charms of composition and colour, with the harmonious lines of the trees, the blue-purple of the irises, and the fanciful nude figure, which, for once, may be said to belong to the sentiment of the scene. There are also fine landscapes by Mr. Stretton, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. W. Padgett, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Hetherington, whose "Desolation" realises an impressive effect of atmospheric influences on wasteland.

"St. Monica's Prayer" is a carefully wrought composition, with many interesting archaeological details, by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, and there are some noteworthy renderings of the nude out of doors, especially in the representation of the much-favoured subject of children bathing, by Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Wetherbee, and Mr. Black. Mr. Watson's "Bathers" is a less naturalistic work, very fanciful in the arrangement of a number of female figures, and in the colour-effect. It is impossible to overlook Mr. Nettleship's powerfully depicted bear, or Mr. Gribble's pretty sea-scape, "A Good Day for a Trip."

"The Poet King" The King of Sweden has just confided to a French interviewer that he is now engaged in writing his memoirs. Often Royal biographies, and even autobiographies, are exceedingly dull, and, it may be whispered, far from well written. King Oscar, however, is a really good writer; his verse

is charming, and was first published quite anonymously. He wields an eloquent pen, and, as it is probable that his memoirs will not be published till after his death, they are likely to be very interesting and even historically valuable. King Oscar, partly owing to his peculiar position, has been the confidant and intimate friend of many of his brother Sovereigns and their Consorts. He is the only European Monarch who has frankly sided with Great Britain in her South African struggle. He is very fond of England and has many devoted friends in this country. The King of Sweden is now spending a brief holiday in Biarritz.

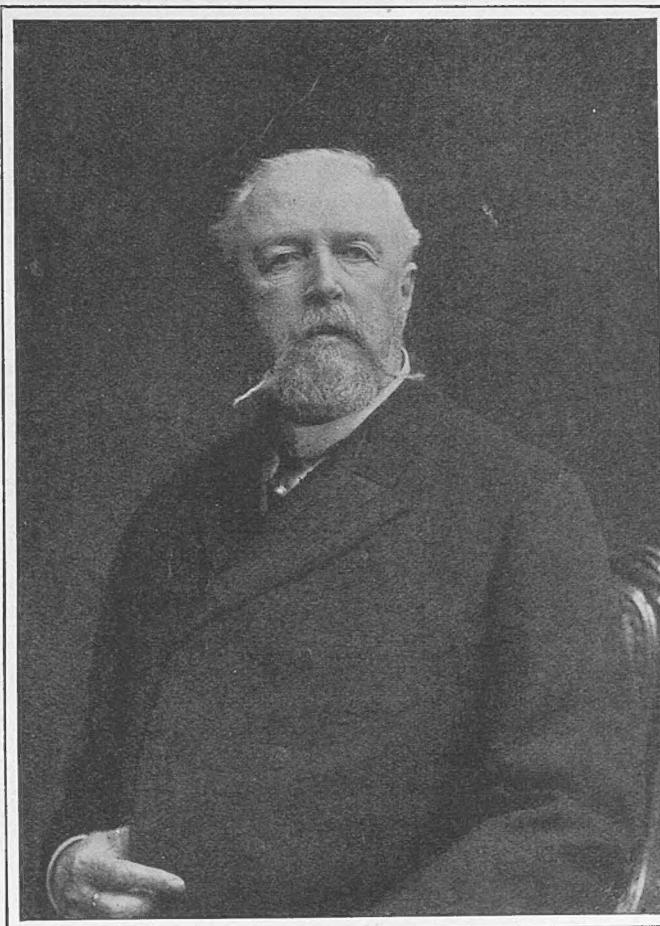
An Interesting Engagement. The engagement of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley to

Mrs. Astell, a sister of Lord Gort, adds a charming and clever woman to the group of Coronation Peeresses, for it is almost certain that the marriage will take place in the next few weeks. Lord De L'Isle and Dudley is the fortunate owner of Penshurst Place, one of the finest of the stately homes of England, within easy distance of London and yet situated in lovely country. Penshurst has been celebrated in verse by many a sweet singer, from Ben Jonson downward, but, to lovers of English literature, Penshurst Place is dear as having been the home of the Sidneys, Sir Philip Sidney having been actually born there, as was also the lady known to her own and successive generations as "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." There seems very little doubt that the "Arcadia" was actually written at Penshurst Place, and it has been said with truth that the picture of Laconie might still pass for that of Penshurst and its neighbourhood.

The Owner of Penshurst Place. The modern representative of the Sidney family succeeded his father four years ago. He was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and is still much interested in military matters. His brother and heir-presumptive is Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Algernon Sidney.

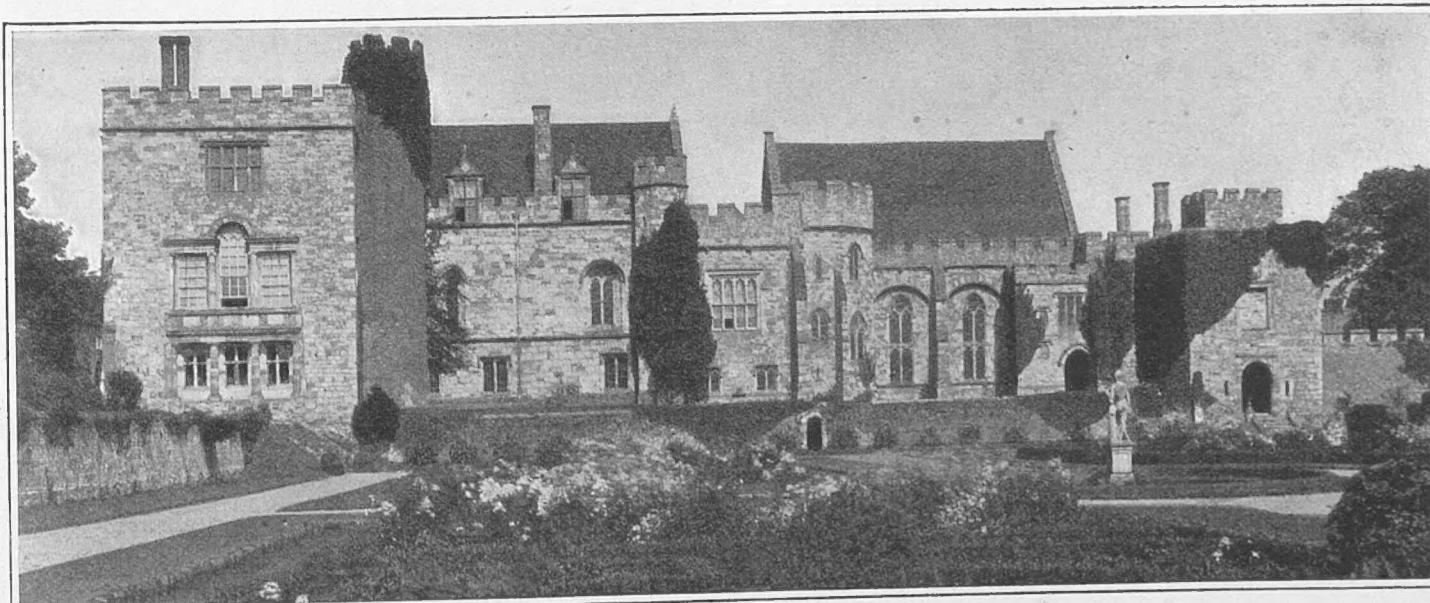
In addition to being the owner of historic Penshurst, he possesses Ingleby Manor a delightful place in the Yorkshire Dales.

Some New Engagements. Lady Mildred Denison, the youngest sister of Lord Londesborough, is engaged to a very popular Yorkshire Baronet, Sir William Cooke, of Wheatley Park. Yet another engagement of considerable interest is that of Lady Adelaide Meade, one of Lord Clanwilliam's daughters, to a well-known naval officer, Captain Stanley Colville, Lord Colville's second son. But undoubtedly the most important betrothal of the moment is that of Lord Dunglass, the only son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Home, to Miss Lilian Lambton, a niece of Lord Durham.



THE KING OF SWEDEN ("THE POET KING"), WHO IS ENGAGED IN WRITING HIS MEMOIRS.

Photograph by Florman, Stockholm.



PENSHURST PLACE, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

"Sherlock Holmes and his Cat." "Charles Frohman presents William Gillette in *"Sherlock Holmes,"* is a formula we are all acquainted with, and *The Sketch* now presents Mr. Gillette in the same familiar rôle. The cat depicted is indeed a fortunate animal, since it is an established favourite at the Lyceum. Seven years ago, a forlorn and disreputable-looking kitten, with the touching confidence yet temerity of its kind, followed Sir Henry Irving into the theatre, and since then the famous Wellington Street playhouse has been its happy home. Now, Mr. Gillette is a great lover of cats, and, of course, the Lyceum cat soon discovered this, so each night of the run of "*Sherlock Holmes*" the cat met the actor at the Royal entrance and followed him to his dressing-room, where it took up its quarters on the table. Indeed, such was the affection Mr. Gillette had for his feline companion that he sometimes took it "on," and when the curtain went up on the second scene of the second Act, it revealed "*Sherlock Holmes*" enjoying a smoke in the company of Sir Henry Irving's cat. The photograph, for which I am indebted to Mr. C. E. Hamilton, was taken in Mr. Gillette's dressing-room at the Lyceum.

The German Emperor.

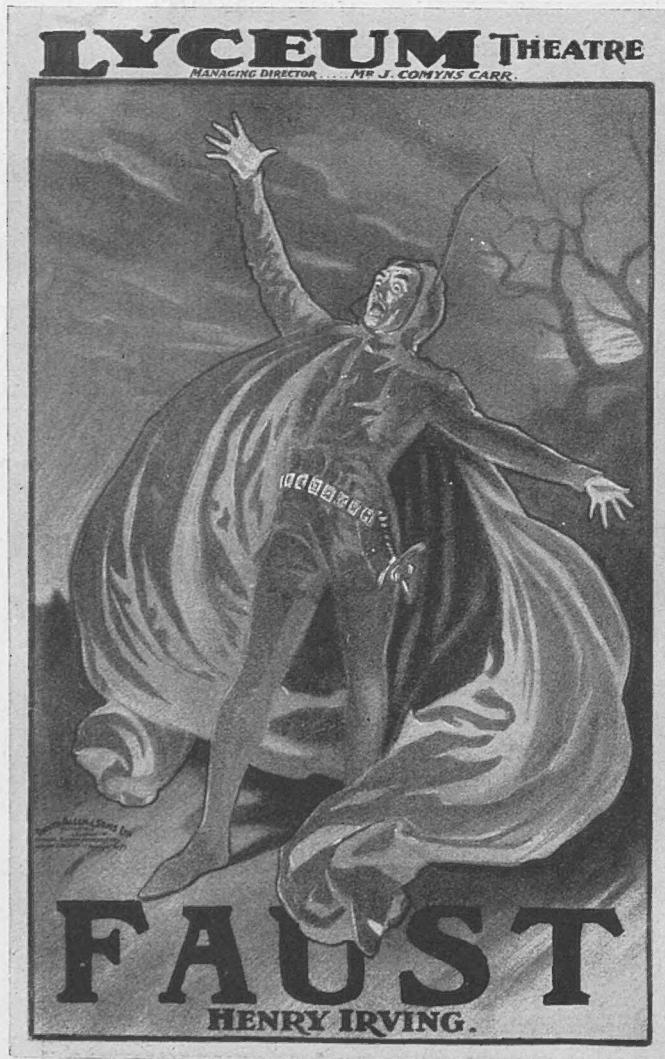
The Kaiser has again startled the world, this time by an action that has given a very high degree of satisfaction to his loyal subjects, especially to those resident in the conquered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His Majesty has, in fact, revoked the so-called "Dictatorship Paragraph," which provided the Regent, or "Statthalter," of the provinces of Elsass-Lothringen with powers of practically illimitable extent. Hitherto, the Regent has been able, though, of course, in late years the occasion has never arisen for the need, to call out as many troops as he might deem necessary, banish all undesirable inhabitants at a moment's notice, prevent the holding of public meetings, and so on *ad infinitum*. The German Emperor was the only person to whom the Dictator, or Regent, or "Statthalter," was in any way responsible. The change in régime has made the German Emperor more popular than ever. He was assured before leaving that district that he would never have to regret his decision. His Majesty, therefore, has the satisfaction of being conscious of having strengthened the bonds of friendship and love between himself and his numerous subjects; besides being highly pleased at noting the marked progress of German influence and German national feeling altogether in the two provinces that were wrested from the French in the terrible Franco-Prussian War.

His Majesty, after taking this important step, proceeded to Wiesbaden, where he took up his residence in the Stadtschloss. His

reception there was very warm and cordial; the crowds cheered frantically and waved their hats with true Teutonic vigour, flags streamed from all the awnings and decorations, and texts of welcome gleamed forth from the prettily arranged Via Triumphalis that had been built up for His Majesty to pass through in State. In the



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AND SIR HENRY IRVING'S CAT.



ONE OF THE FINEST POSTERS ON THE LONDON HOARDINGS.

evening the Kaiser attended a private rehearsal of the opera "*Armide*," at the Court Theatre, together with his entourage. His Majesty expressed his unbounded delight with the result, and everyone was overjoyed at the great success of the whole scenic and other preparations. The Kaiser, in fact, told the Chief Burgomaster that Wiesbaden was to be envied, and bestowed hearty praise on all who had shared in the general arrangements. The Emperor is now the chief topic of conversation on all sides. The papers even give long dissertations on his horticultural as well as other tastes. We are told, for instance, that the flower that is affected most by His Majesty is the red carnation, that the special one of this genus most worn by him is the "*Fürst Bismarck*" and the "*Carnot*," and that the Empress herself provides her lord and master with a choice selection of these flowers on every possible occasion, placing them with her own fingers in a special silver vase kept solely for this purpose on his writing-table. Even the suburbs attract the minute attention of the Kaiser, if one is to believe the effusions of the local Press. Not a single alteration in names of streets or style of building is allowed to be made without the assent of the German Emperor and King of Prussia.

The Coming of the Shah. I understand that a special exhibition will be held in Berlin for the amusement of the Shah, who has expressed a desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the chief articles of produce in Germany. Consul-General Léon, of the Persian Consulate, took the question up, and a select exhibition will be held in the rooms of the Persian Embassy. About that time, too, the opening of the Motor-car Exhibition in Berlin will take place, as also the Exhibition for Motor-boats, the former in Berlin itself, the latter at Wannsee, on the beautiful Wannsee Lake, near Potsdam.

The German Empress.

Her Majesty the German Empress will stay at Badenweiler (adds my Correspondent in Berlin) for four weeks. The Royal physicians are very insistent on the point that Her Majesty should continue the cure without interruption for at least a month; otherwise, perhaps, the Empress would have returned to the New Palace in order to be present at the so-called "*Schrippenfest*" on Whit-Monday. This is a feast always observed from time immemorial at Potsdam by their Majesties, who always like to be present when the soldiers of the school battalion are treated to "*Schrippen*," or rolls, and various other delights. This year the Kaiser had to deal out to his men the rolls all alone.



"THE NEXT TURN."

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Great Safe Hoax. Madame Humbert, the heroine of what Waldeck-Rousseau described as the "greatest fraud in history," is a woman of very aristocratic appearance (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). I have frequently seen her at the



MDLLE. DELINIÈRE, THE DASHING COMMÈRE OF THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES.

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

Opera in her private box. She was slightly inclined to corpulence; but she fascinated everyone with her eyes, which were as black as coal and strangely brilliant. Her husband was a slim, nervous man. There was not a first-night at which she was not present, and always surrounded by *tout Paris*, and there was not a finer shot nor a more daring rider to hounds in France. It almost takes one's breath away to imagine what Madame Humbert had been doing during twenty years with a stud-button as the only tangible asset she had.

The Power of a Novel. A personal friend tells me that it was the reading of Dumas' "Monte Cristo" that inspired her with the idea of riches without calculation. She imagined the American millionaire, Henry Robert Crawford, and then created the two nephews who prevented her opening the famous safe with its hundred million francs. This strange story became a tradition in Paris life. People regarded the mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée with awe. It resembled, from the exterior, a mixture of a church and a prison, but even children had learned to lisp that there lay a hundred million francs. There was not a painter, from Meissonier and Corot downwards, who had not contributed with their finest works to decorate this palace; and the *monde* of Paris was fascinated with the gorgeousness of the surroundings and the strange mystery hanging over the closed and barred door. The Humberts were spending £120,000 a-year, and that was sufficient. Madame Humbert was the most powerful adventuress that ever lived. In twenty years, with the history of the locked-up heritage, she borrowed £2,500,000, and I am assured that she can land in England to-morrow and no one will issue an appeal for her extradition. Knowing the determined action of the French authorities in

regard to usury, she purposely borrowed at the highest rates possible, and always had the reply, "If I am to be prosecuted for debt, you will be arrested for usury." Tableau! A friend who saw the opening of the safe tells me that nothing in romance had ever supposed such a situation. The bulk of the creditors were Jews—including Alfred Dreyfus' father-in-law—and when, amid a cloud of dust, the locksmiths swung open the doors and revealed a stud-button and an Italian sou, there was a positive groan. The more the Crawford-Humbert case is read, the more bewildering it seems. A hundred and twenty thousand pounds a-year for a quarter of a century on a button and a halfpenny is too much!

The Antilles Disaster.

The promptness with which the King ordered Sir Edmund Monson to convey his sympathies to President Loubet on the St. Pierre disaster created an excellent impression. It is the first occasion since his accession that King Edward has had the opportunity of conveying a message to France, and his promptitude must be disconcerting to the Kaiser, who has for years had a monopoly of the privilege of being first.

Critics on Strike. Newspaper proprietors in Paris have decided to fight the theatrical managers and the Authors' Society over the question of the *répétition générale*. "If you suppress the Press rehearsal," they say, "we shall simply deal with the play when so it pleases us. It will be useless for you to suppose that we shall keep open the formes till four in the morning for a perfectly gratuitous advertisement." The managers are backed up by the unsuccessful authors, but the actresses are furious at the idea that all chance of a description of their dresses will be done away with.

The Elections.

For once, the Departments in France gave the lie direct to the assertion that Paris was its brain. It was a distinct issue between the overthrow of a Republican form of Government and the replacing it by goodness knows what. Paris, as I saw on the Boulevards, was Nationalist to a man, but the villages overthrew the calculations of the Lutetians. It would have been a novel sight to an English elector to see the streets occupied by cavalry and infantry, and the sweepers throwing down gravel to allow for a charge.

Ride of Madmen.

I saw Tom Linton at the Parc des Princes pile up the astounding record of seventy-two kilomètres in the hour. But what most forcibly struck me in this mad race was a policeman smashed to a pulp by the pacing-machine of the Dutch competitor, Dicketmann, and the pitiable state of the latter himself. In regard to risks, bull-fighting is a child in comparison with the modern long-distance cycle-races.

Coolus' New Play.

M. Romain Coolus, the author of "Lucette," at the Gymnase, excuses himself for the out-of-dateness of the plot by saying that it was written several years ago. It would have been fairly audacious before Maurice Donnay and others came to the front, but at the present moment it seems a back-number. It has the merit of being very tearful, almost too much so.



MAETERLINCK, THE DISTINGUISHED DRAMATIST, ON HIS MOTOR.

GLIMPSES OF "PARIS IN LONDON,"

THE NEW EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.



THE MOULIN ROUGE.



A BIT OF OLD PARIS.



THE TOPSY-TURVY HOUSE.



BUILDING THE CORKSCREW RAILWAY.



PREPARING THE FLOWER-BEDS.



PAINTING THE SCENERY BEHIND THE SWITCHBACK RAILWAY.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE SILVER LINK" AND "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

AMONG the changes that have taken place in the theatrical world during the last decade, none is more curious than the abandonment—almost complete abandonment—of trial-matinées. Last year, putting aside half-a-dozen non-commercial productions by the Stage Society and the *Sunday Special*, and even taking into account "Beyond Human Power"—formally produced for a series of matinées—there were only two or three experimental matinées in the London theatres: by which I mean afternoon productions of new plays, in the hope of their attracting the attention of Managers, or of old pieces by players anxious to make a reputation and unable to get engagements. The year before showed about the same number. This year "The Silver Link," given at the Comedy Theatre, is the first of its class.

Personally, I think that the change is regrettable, although I look back with horror to sufferings in the past, to hot weeks in June when, on every afternoon except Saturday, the critic had to visit the Vaudeville or Terry's Theatre and sit out some inept piece indifferently acted by a scratch Company insufficiently rehearsed. Of course, trial-matinées were given in other houses, but most of them took place in these two theatres. On the other hand, one cannot forget the fact that here and there a good piece was discovered and that sometimes, although the play was not afterwards put into the evening bill, the dramatist obtained a commission, or, at least, a more favourable hearing, from Managers on account of the merits shown in his work. Moreover, some of the performers got a good deal of valuable training.

In speaking of "The Silver Link" as the first, or almost the first, trial-matinée of the year, I leave out of account "The Finding of Nancy," produced under exceptional circumstances and remarkable for the almost unprecedented unanimity of the critics concerning its qualities. "The Silver Link" to some extent explains the phenomenon of the disappearance of the afternoon efforts, since it was a work so hopeless as to worry the critics and produce much quiet or violent contempt, though nothing like the diatribes that would have come if there had been two or three more like it in the week.

The critics in the past, infuriated at having their time so wasted, must have become brutal enough to terrify those of the unacted who had a little money. The affair reminded me of old times—sad old times: a house full of critics, a play empty of ideas, earnest players trying to make ropes out of sand, and incensed playgoers uncharitably but excusably jeering, and the name of a charity used as an excuse for inflicting pain on the critics. One thing, perhaps, was lacking—the sleeping critic. He might have been in evidence if the Merry Month were not making fun of the poets by its abominable temperature. One has a recollection of a kind of play as old-fashioned in style and idea as "Still Waters Run Deep," with which I deal anon, and lacking the craftsmanship of the older work; indeed, one could have believed that "The Silver Link" had died ere Tom Taylor's play was born but for the fact that it cannot be imagined that anyone would have resuscitated it. Moreover, one remembers the skilful and courageous way in which Miss Madge McIntosh strove to give interest to the leading part. She is an admirable actress who brings to mind matinée productions, since she gave a brilliant performance in one of the cleverest plays ever given in my time at a trial-matinée. I mean "The Weather Hen," a work which, with reasonable luck, would have enjoyed great success, and well deserved it. "The Silver Link" may pass into oblivion because its authors do not belong to the small number of Britons able to write plays and capable of seeing the distinction between a play and a story. Why the number with the dramatic instinct should be so small and the number erroneously believing that they have the gift so large is one of the inscrutable mysteries.

Mr. Wyndham in more than one respect is a fortunate Manager. The matter I am approaching is the fact that he has such useful stop-gaps as "David Garrick" and "Still Waters Run Deep" at his command. When in doubt—or rather, when out of doubt—play "David Garrick" has been his maxim for some years, and it has constantly proved wise. Indeed, so effective have been the qualities of the play that its attractive power appeared inexhaustible. This season, trouble has arisen, for "The End of a Story" has quickly reached its last chapter, and so, as revival number one, the popular actor-manager has fallen back on Tom Taylor's play, "Still Waters Run Deep," to be revived just forty-five years after the evening when it was presented to the world by a strong Company at the luckless Olympic Theatre. Forty-five years is a serious length of life for a mid-Victorian "original comedy," even if founded on a novel by Charles de Bernard, and it can hardly be said that the play "bobs up

serenely." Yet it may be asserted safely that many playgoers will not notice that it has an old-fashioned air, and that, of those who do, most will hardly analyse their feelings. To the critic the revival is really interesting, for the reason that it presents a specimen of a successful work of the 'fifties, written by a man who had a great reputation, though it may be noted that his best works were written in collaboration. Of them, two hold the stage to some extent, namely, "Plot and Passion" and "Masks and Faces." If one compares the comedy with a modern work—not, perhaps, such a piece as "The End of a Story," which really was in essence old-fashioned, but with, say, "The Gay Lord Quex"—one notices that great progress has been made. I am not pretending to say that Tom Taylor's mental equipment was equal to that of Mr. Pinero or was not, but merely referring to the fact that there has been a collective development in the art of writing plays which would have caused the author of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" to write in our days in a very different fashion from that adopted by him. It is not merely a question of the asides and the soliloquies with which the author assists himself, though, of course, this is an important aspect of the affair; but what should we say to-day of a dramatist who, in one Act, has two really important scenes in which characters of the play learn facts by eavesdropping? Nowadays, the playwright has hardly the audacity to use even one screen in a piece, and almost distracts himself in his efforts to cause his characters to learn important facts without playing the part of Paul Pry. It is rather in the whole tone of the piece than even in these matters that one sees its age.

One trifle seems to me very quaint. Captain Hawksley, the villain, combines shady company transactions with naughty love-making. In the twentieth century, piety and company-promotion go hand-in-hand, and no one would think of presenting the authors of the bubble company of the "Inexplosive Galvanic Boats" as a gay Lothario; but it must be remembered that the play was before the date of the Act on which all company-mongering is based, though, of course, at Wyndham's Theatre the Galvanic boats are called Electric, and other little changes are made to induce us to believe that Hawksley and Mildmay talk of duelling as if it were merely unfashionable in the London of to-day. This business of bringing a play "up to date" by a few alterations of word is very silly, and almost always causes it to seem even more old-fashioned than is the case. How hard it is for the playwright that the duel is no longer the mode in England! Many of the most vivid scenes and most valuable *dénouements* in drama have been founded on a duel, and our poor writers have to do without duels, unless they set their plays abroad and in earlier days. I wonder whether life really is less dramatic than in the times when an appeal to private combat with swords or pistols ended many quarrels and lives; indeed, was even the customary conclusion to many social gatherings. The duel seems so simple a solution of difficult situations that it is wonderful we get on without it, and what a blessing for the dramatic critics that we do! Perhaps it would be good for them in a way; newspaper proprietors might pay them princely salaries if they really risked their skins when they wrote strongly. Even this, however, would not tempt some of us to vigorous opinion, such as the suggestion that Miss Mary Moore is quite unsuited for the part of Mrs. Mildmay, the really wicked wife of the Lancashire lad. Without for a moment denying Miss Moore's success and deserts in the class of part she generally plays, one may say that Mrs. Mildmay requires strong, highly coloured acting—melodramatic acting, in fact—and the quiet treatment given to it is quite ineffective. By a *tour de force*, Mr. Wyndham made his Mildmay a triumph without modifying his ordinary easy style, but the others, save Miss Moore, wisely adopted a heavier manner than usual; they felt that the play is so essentially melodrama that it should not be acted as comedy. Mr. Alfred Bishop, for instance, treated Potter as "comic relief," and very cleverly, so he was funny. Mrs. Bernard Beere was a powerful Mrs. Sternhold, and Mr. Lewis Waller, though his laughter sounds very unnatural, was an effective Hawksley. The business with the feet on the chair and expression of emotion by changes of position of the feet is, perhaps, a rather agreeable change. How I wish some other players would rely on their feet and not their faces to express their emotions, or rather, the emotions, not, indeed, of the author, but that he desired them to represent. By the way, Mr. Wyndham ignored the prominence laid by his author on the fact that Mildmay was a Lancashire lad and comparatively fresh from the country; but one could hardly expect him for a revival to study the difference in mode of speaking between even the well-to-do, well-educated Lancastrian and the Londoner who is not Cockney in speech. Taylor was fond of making his heroes come from Lancashire, though it was not his own county.



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS AS MARGARET IN "FAUST," AT THE LYCEUM.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

THE HOME OF AMERICAN BURLESQUE.

WEBCR and Fields begin their seventh season at their music-hall in New York next September. Six years of unprecedented prosperity have passed into history—six seasons when night after night the little music-hall has been packed to the doors and the shrieks of laughter have been heard out on Broadway. Yet, when you come to analyse a Weber and Fields show after it is all over, you can't help wondering what it was all about. There were scores of pretty girls—the prettiest chorus-girls in America. There were clever dancers, and there were comedians who were famous before they joined Weber and Fields. The music was lively and tuneful, the jokes capital, and the occasional skits on successful plays immensely funny. There might have been rhyme, but reason had certainly flown to the winds. The entertainment was a mad riot of nonsense—a jumble of melody, lingerie, and laughs.

Joseph M. Weber and Lewis M. Fields—that is the way their names appear on their cards; around the music-hall they speak of them as "Joe" and "Lew"—were formerly on the variety stage. They did a twenty-minute German dialect-sketch, which has frequently been copied by many less able actors. After a while, they organised their own Company of vaudeville performers and toured the country. Six years ago, a music-hall, centrally located on Broadway, failed to prosper, and Weber and Fields took hold of it. At first, vaudeville entertainments, with a short burlesque, were given. Finally, the entertainment was changed to two hours and a-half of—what shall it be called? Well, you can decide for yourself.

The "show" is usually styled "Hoity-Toity," "Hurly-Burly," "Topsy-Turvy," or the like. The curtain rises on a street-scene in Paris. The chorus-girls are strolling about the stage singing something or other about "Gay Paree"—Paris is invariably gay in music-hall songs. Enter John T. Kelley, one of the comedians, as a prosperous New York contractor. He bursts into a topical song, the substance of which is that he is out to see the town. Before long, Miss Lillian Russell, looking younger and even more attractive than ever, comes on. She at once sings—what's the use of being a prima donna if you don't at once sing? The stage is cleared for a moment so that De Wolf Hopper may have an effective entrance. He is greeted with a big burst of applause, and some of the audience start in to laugh before he says a word. His song tells of the trouble in getting rid of his money, which most people would think was no trouble at all. Next enter Weber and Fields. The former is short and appears to be very stout; the latter is tall and inclined to be thin. They wear chin-whiskers—not the Uncle Sam style, but the New York-German variety. Their reception is something tremendous. If they merely said "boo," half the people in front would fall out of their chairs with laughter. They say a good deal more than "boo," however. They tackle some intricate Stock Exchange problem in an assumed deadly serious way, and blunder through it in a most laughable manner. Although at the head of the Company, they do not allot themselves any more time than the other comedians—in fact, not as much. They are followed, perhaps, by Miss Bessie Clayton in her dances, or the Chorus in one of those coon-songs that are whistled all over New York.

The second part of the entertainment consists of a burlesque on some successful play, such as "Secret Service," "Barbara Fritchie," or this season's great success, "Du Barry." The principal rôle is invariably taken by Miss Fay Templeton, who is unquestionably the foremost actress in burlesque on the American stage. If you could see her "take off" Miss Julia Marlowe as Barbara Fritchie,

Miss Annie Russell as Catherine, in the play of that name, or Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry, you would understand Miss Templeton's vogue and position; but if you can't see her, why, you'll have to take it for granted.

Such is the Weber and Fields entertainment. To whom is the success due? To Weber and Fields? Yes, but also to their "stars," such as Miss Fay Templeton, Miss Lillian Russell, De Wolf Hopper, Sam Bernard, Fritz Williams, John Kelley; to Edgar Smith, who writes the "book"; to John Stromberg, who composes the music; to Julian Mitchell, surely, who stages the productions; and, far from being least in importance, to the young women of the Chorus. Many people have said that the popularity of the Weber and Fields show is sure to wane. They said so three or four years ago; they said so last year, and still it holds on. The reason for this is that the proprietors are not afraid to spend money in order to keep it up-to-date. Mr. Hopper leaves next season, but Mr. William Collier, a comedian of the Nat Goodwin type and a "star" of the first magnitude, takes his place. A year from now Miss Lillian Russell leaves to head her own Company.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked Lew Fields.

"I don't know—it's a year off," he replied. "But if you can tell me the name of the best prima donna that money can hire, I can tell you who will follow Miss Russell."

And so it is with the productions at the music-hall. One day last winter, I found Joe Weber in his office, almost hidden from view by dozens of big boxes bearing the name of a fashionable French dress-maker in the Rue de la Paix.

"Well, I got these through the Custom House at last," he said, with a laugh; "but it cost something—the duty did."

"These" were twenty-four dresses, costing a good many hundreds of dollars each. They are to be worn by some of the Weber and Fields chorus-girls next season. To many Managers their seemingly extravagant policy would mean ruin; but then, when the home theatre is packed to the doors from September to May, and when on the

brief early summer tour of the big cities they are guaranteed sixteen thousand dollars a-week by the local Managers, it seems easy. There will be a change, no doubt, one of these days, for the public is fickle and will tire of a hobby after a while. The Weber and Fields hobby will be talked about like other theatrical episodes. The Managers know that just as well as anybody, and they have laid their plans accordingly. They are going to give the public something else when there are indications that the public wants a change. The indications can generally be found at the box-office. Just at present, the ticket-seller is as busy as ever he was.

Mr. Weber was in London last summer, and, like all actors, spent his leisure time at the theatres and music-halls. He saw everything. I met him one night at the Empire and asked him if he thought of bringing the Weber and Fields show to London.

"Oh yes! I have thought of it often," he answered; "in fact, just before the South African War started we were booked. I am not at all sure, though, that London would take to us. It would be an interesting experiment, but it might fail. Transporting a Company of one hundred and forty people—and you couldn't think of sending a single member of our Company over except first-class on the best steamers—is rather an expensive undertaking unless a London season is sure to be successful."

So, you see, the American invasion of London is not quite as complete as it might be. There is something in reserve.

JAMES CLARENCE HYDE.



WEBER AND FIELDS' MUSIC-HALL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

WEBER AND FIELDS' MUSIC-HALL, NEW YORK:
THE HOME OF AMERICAN BURLESQUE.



MISS FAY TEMPLETON LEADING THE CHORUS IN A COON SONG.



MR. JULIAN MITCHELL, THE STAGE-MANAGER, INSTRUCTING THE CHORUS.

Photographs by Byron, New York.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL,

THE FATHER OF THE "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO" AND THE WEARER OF
"THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH."

"**A**S a Jew, I do not take interest from my friends when I lend them money." That eminently Zangwillian phrase, which must seem contradictory to those who do not know either the real Jewish character or Israel Zangwill, occurred in the evidence he gave in the trial of *Cowen versus Truth*, which occupied the attention of the Courts for so many days. Startling though it may appear, it was no mere phrase, but the absolute Truth, which Mr. Zangwill once said "people think is an abstract proposition, although Truth really is a matter which concerns living people, their characters and ideas, so that its highest manifestation is fiction."

In his evidence, it came out that, at one time, he and Mr. Louis Cowen used the pseudonym of "J. Freeman Bell" when they collaborated in "The Premier and the Painter," a novel which one of the Liberal Whips has declared is the best political romance he ever read. It was really an elaborate satire on British Party Government, having for its principal character a Radical house-painter who, being the physical double of a Tory Prime Minister, a world-weary Hamlet, changed places with him and ran the Tory Government as a Radical organisation. Marvelous as it may seem, he did this without producing any shock for the Party papers, and the Party orators explained away all the Radicalism. The novel was also remarkable for the fact that it uttered many prophecies, among them the sudden disappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then at the height of his celebrity, and so proved that Mr. Zangwill was entitled to wear "the mantle of Elijah." In those days, Mr. Zangwill has recalled that his collaborator was a very brilliant journalist, who had graduated at

London, where he had taken the French prize and was specially remarkable in mathematics and chess. Indeed, he played chess blindfold and was regarded as the coming English champion of the game. Since those days, however, and the time when *Ariel*, the comic paper he edited, disappeared, Mr. Zangwill has seen very little of his former literary partner, as their ways diverged when one half of "J. Freeman Bell" followed his brother to *Commerce* while the other half remained steadfast to the paths of literature.

"The Mantle of Elijah" is the last large canvas which Mr. Zangwill has touched. It ran to a thousand pages of manuscript, and was written entirely with a pen, though lately Mr. Zangwill has been teaching himself to compose on the typewriter, which he finds gives him a better means of judging his work at first than reading it in what he humorously calls his "own dirty scrawl." Except for a few short stories and articles, he has done literally nothing during the past two years, owing to his absorption in Zionism, and now, unfortunately, in obedience to the commands of his physicians, he must do even less. Mr. Zangwill has, luckily for himself, been caught on the eve of a collapse—the result of the nervous and physical strain of his

Zionist crusade—and for some months he will have to spend his days in the open air in the country and must refuse every invitation to speak in public.

At the present time, the thing for which Mr. Zangwill lives is undoubtedly Zionism, and all the strength he can spare is given to the subject of the Jewish problem in its varied aspects. His article in the *New Liberal Review*, which explains "Why Jews Succeed" by the assertion that they do not, has just called forth a criticism from the *Spectator* which has given him pleasure, as it succinctly formulates his views.

"Zionism is something more than a word," Mr. Zangwill said, a day or two ago, to a representative of *The Sketch*. "It is a career, for politics is a career. How much more so are the politics of an unborn country! The Jews are like the Gipsies in that we are the only people on earth without a soil. We are even lower than some of the blacks whose potentates come to London to be lionised for a season." The result of all this has been that the Jew has become so unused to regarding himself as having a national possibility that the condition of being without a specific soil has grown to be a natural thing to him. Now that Zionism is endeavouring to give the Jew his own soil, it seems as if it were endeavouring to bring about an unnatural state of affairs.

"Will Zionism come? If the Jewish financiers would endorse the scheme, we could begin to get a stream of men and women flowing to Palestine next year. How much money do we want? A few millions to begin with, and a good many afterwards to be used either as the capital of a syndicate for exploiting Palestine or as a national chest for developing the country.

What other nations spend on war we should begin by spending on peace. As for the exact sum, it would seem ridiculously small to the American organisers of Trusts. If Lord Beaconsfield, George Eliot, and Baron Hirsch were alive to-day, my very strong belief is that, with the idealism they would bring to bear on the subject, we should be well on the road to success by now. As it is, my strong impression is that when the Boer War is over we shall get more sympathy and make more headway. When will the War be over? Not at the Greek Kalends, as some people have suggested, but at the British Coronation, as I believe.

"And when the Jew gets to Palestine, what will he do? I certainly expect there will be a great national religious building like the Temple of old. In it I should like to see everything except the bloody part of the sacrifices, though that might be compromised by having offerings of fruit and flowers. The idea of the Temple is infinitely more exhilarating to me than the Jewish synagogues of West London, which are externally a sort of grandiose suburban dwelling. I certainly also expect to see a Jewish national theatre. But it will be the people who will make the laws and do what they wish. The only desire of the leaders is to help the people back to a form of self-expression."



MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

“THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XI.—MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL



“OH: YOU RE THE INTERVIEWING PEOPLE,
I SUPPOSE.”



“PARDON ME. I MUST HAVE A CIGARETTE TO
HELP ME THROUGH.”



“NOW, THEN. THIS IS THE MS. OF ‘THE MANTLE
OF ELIJAH.’ LOOK INTERESTED, PLEASE.”



“I ACQUIRE INFORMATION IN THIS WAY.”



“AND IMPART IT THUS.”



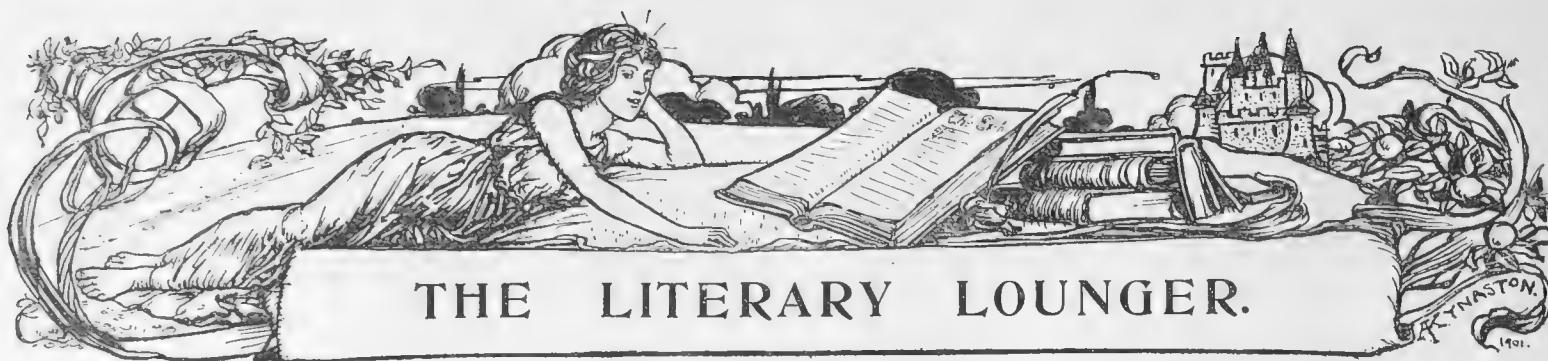
“SOME OF MY VEGETABLE FRIENDS.”



“GOOD-BYE. I HOPE I HAVEN’T BORED YOU.”



“ANYHOW, THEY’VE LORED ME.”



MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, who has published nothing since her remarkable first novel, "The Open Question," has practically completed a new work of fiction, which is to be called "The Magnetic Moth." It is said that the author's experiences in Alaska have furnished a basis for part of the story.

Madame Rémusat has been contributing to a French periodical some very interesting notes on Ibsen's life, which contain quite a number of new or hitherto unpublished stories. It appears that when Henrik Ibsen was eight years old his father was ruined by bad speculation. Up to that time the family had lived somewhat luxuriously, and the result of the crash is pictured, no doubt, in some of the bitter passages in "The Pillars of Society." Ibsen as a child seems always to have lived alone. He had a perfect passion for solitude. From the very first he lived in the atmosphere of Björnson's telegram addressed to him on his sixtieth anniversary, "Le monde vient au solitaire."

Ibsen's first play, "Catinina," written in secret, was offered without success to the Director of the Christiania Theatre, and then, to every publisher in the Capital. It was ultimately published, under the pseudonym "Brunhiolf Biarme," at the expense of Ibsen's student friend, Schulerud. Forty-five copies were sold; the rest were given by the author to a grocer and used for paper bags. "Lady Inger of Österät," Ibsen's historical drama in five Acts, published in 1854, brought in exactly £11 from an illustrated paper. "The Vikings at Helgeland" (1857) was refused by the Christiania Theatre, and produced in book-form about £8. Many years after, when Ibsen was famous, the publisher issued both these works, but an action was brought against him by the author and he had to pay an indemnity.

So much has been said lately in condemnation of the enormous sales of books in the United States and of the absolute futility of the public literary judgment, that it is comforting to come across, in such a representative paper as the *Outlook*, some defence of the new "boom"—

A study of the character of the books which have been sold in great numbers during the past few years (says the writer of this article) indicates a great advance in quality over the books which were popular thirty years ago or at any earlier period. With one or two exceptions, the novels which have been widely read of late years have had some positive quality, some real interest; they have revealed the touch of the artist, the knowledge of the historian, or the gift of the story-teller. There has been something real in almost all of them; and in most cases there has been a combination of substance and art. If one compares such novels as "The Choir Invisible," "Hugh Wynne," and "Audrey" with the novels of Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Anne Stevens, and Miss Augusta Evans, which were widely sold thirty years ago, his pessimism with regard to the future of literature is likely to be transformed into optimism. As a matter of fact, at no previous stage in the history of the printing-press have there been so many good books sold as at present, nor at any previous age have the books which have been sold most widely been of so good a quality.

It is easy enough to class all popular work together and to assume that, because it is popular, it is all inferior. But this, like most other generalisations, is hopelessly inaccurate. To my mind, there never

was a time when really good literature had such a chance of appreciation as at present.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is hard at work on his new novel of the Peninsular War, which will be published first in *Cassell's Magazine*.

In connection with the Centenary of Dumas *père*, Messrs. Constable will publish very shortly Mr. Davidson's biography of the author of "The Three Musketeers." The book will contain an elaborate bibliography of the novels, arranged in historical sequence. Elaborate it certainly must be, if it is to be anything like complete, for there are, I believe, considerably over a thousand volumes in circulation in France bearing on their title-pages the name of Alexandre Dumas *père*. Of course, an enormous number of these are the work of various hacks employed by Dumas. In some of them he had no hand at all, while in quite a large number he wrote in collaboration or outlined the story, which was filled in by other pens.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts will be represented this year by a new novel, called "The River," which is said by those who have read parts of the manuscript to be by far the best thing he has done.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, whose tragic death came as a shock to many friends on this side of the Atlantic, first came into prominence with his key-novel, "The Honourable Peter Stirling." The book had a great success on the other side of the water on account of the generally accepted opinion that the hero was, in reality,

ex-President Grover Cleveland. Mr. Ford was really an historian rather than a novelist, and, if he had lived, he would doubtless have accomplished some great work in historical research.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason has undertaken the difficult task of finishing the remarkable novel, called "The O'Ruddy," which was left half-finished by the late Stephen Crane. "The O'Ruddy" is in much lighter vein than most of Crane's later work, and has for its hero a dare-devil Irishman.

THE JUNIOR SHERIFF OF LONDON.

Among the names to be brought up at the University Senate in Dublin for honorary degrees occurs that of the popular Junior Sheriff of London, Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall, whose career has reflected such high honour on his old University. It may here be recalled that Mr. Marshall's father was elected to the Court of Common Council over a quarter of a century ago, and when he died, after twenty years' good service, his son was elected in his place. Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall is also an ardent Freemason, and, with his wife and daughters, takes a keen practical interest in the Masonic Charities. His sympathies, however, are not confined to the philanthropic institutions of the Craft, since, as Treasurer of the Orphan Working School, and in many other directions, he has laboured with a zest almost unexampled in the case of a man whose time is necessarily so much occupied with the business of a great firm.

"BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.



MR. ROBERT TABER AS BEN-HUR.



MISS FLOSSIE WILKINSON AS TIRZAH.



MR. BASIL GILL AS MESSALA.



MISS NORA KERIN AS ESTHER.



MR. JULIAN CROSS AS MALLUCH.



MISS MAUD MILTON AS THE MOTHER OF BEN-HUR.

Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



LAZY LEAVES FROM: THE: DIARY OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



I.—AN AFTERNOON UNDER AN AWNING.

FROM the strip of garden by the roadside, I look out over the arable land that stretches to the groves fringing the river.

April has yielded to May, the cuckoo calls soon after daylight, the nightingale rejoices in the safe termination of his journey from the South, the sky-lark challenges his supremacy. Beyond my garden, where the wallflowers and pansies yield only to the blossoming of the apple-trees, fields and hedgerows have put on their fresh green, the wonderful new colouring that passes with June and is not seen in the later summer. The countryside is at its best, though there are few to note its beauties. Railhead is miles away, visitors are not very noticeable at any time, and on the land weeding and hoeing make the day all too short. I share the beauty of time and place with the school-children, who range to the heart of the groves for late primroses and cowslips or scour the woods and lanes for birds' nests. Two little girls are passing the garden now, heavily laden with the fruits of their half-holiday ramble.

I feel the pleasure that belongs to the time of year. London lies fifty miles or more away; there is but one post in twenty-four hours; the pageantry of an English summer will pass before me; against the days of rain and storm I have well-filled book-shelves to which all or many of the greatest minds of the past and present ages have contributed. But it is not necessary to think of bad weather when "the flowers appear on the earth and the time of singing is come." One may look forward with interest to many and varied pleasures: river excursions and days of fishing, little cycling or driving tours, days with the pea-pickers and haymakers, picnics in the shade of the woods, rounds of visits to the country fairs that begin about midsummer. There will be no lack of pleasant occupation in the next three months, and I have dedicated them to indolence and idleness; appreciation shall be my greatest effort—if Allah wills. For there is a time to work, and that is when outdoor life is impossible, when Nature's aspect is forbidding and she has nothing but punishment for those who seek her. Now, her mood is kind; she opens her treasure-house and bids us enjoy its stores, she is doing her best work and invites us to admire it. I feel almost ashamed to stay in town or house when so many varied gifts are spread before me out of doors.

My neighbours are few and widely scattered. There is a very old man in the thatched cottage down the road who, having no business of his own, attends to that of all the countryside; there is a delightful old working farmer who has passed most of his seventy years in the

reminiscence of times remote; all the village is embowered in trees, through whose summer freshness the red-tiled roofs are glowing. In the strong May light, the estuary of the Whitewater River has a tint that reminds me of the Mediterranean; a few little white-sailed boats



fields; and, having reached these neighbours, I must go nearly a mile to find another. The village, a scattered collection of white wood houses with red-tiled roofs, is two miles away. It has a very old church, some worm-eaten stocks, an old lock-up, and many another

go up and down, a collier travels slowly towards the open sea. There are pictures on every side, such pictures as Nature paints in May, with all the English country for her Academy. I say "English country" deliberately; in most of the other countries I have visited the sun burns a great part of the beauty out of the summer.

What can rival the charm of an idle afternoon under an awning in the garden-corner? The bees drone in the chestnut and crab-apple trees, early butterflies glance from bloom to bloom; to all my waking hours I have an orchestra of sky-larks, wood-larks, thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales, black-caps, and stock-doves, according to the time of day. A choice book (this afternoon it is a volume of Bacon's Essays), a cigarette, an easy-chair—it is very good to be alive. I see the fields of green corn, "the emerald down of golden crops to be," bend in long waves as the breeze woos them; I can distinguish most of the calls from hedge and wood. In the meadow beyond the garden, some baby rabbits follow their mother as she moves very cautiously from her home in the ditch to a little patch of wild parsley. She does not fear gun or dog or snare—at least, there is no occasion to fear them now—but the carrion-crow and various hawks are abroad and would make short work of her family. Perhaps they have already seized a few.

I turn to my book and consult the Essay on Gardens. I read: "There ought to be gardens for all the months of the year. . . . In May and June come pinks of all sorts, especially the blush pink, roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, *flos Africanus*, cherry-tree in fruit. . . ." I turn involuntarily to the cherry-tree by my side, wondering whether fruit will come within the next six weeks, and there, in the branch that leans towards my seat, is my friend the robin. He builds in the hedge behind me, and has already completed the domed moss-house that hides the pale-red spotted eggs. During the winter he looks to me for food; in the summer I look to him for company. His children grow and fly, but he is constant to the garden, and builds every year in the same hedge. He whistles merrily. I think he means to tell me that Lord Verulam was quite right and that I shall have cherries before June is out.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
THE LONDON HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



THE SOUTH FRONT AND LAKE.



THE WEST FRONT: THE PROJECTING ROOM WAS QUEEN VICTORIA'S SITTING-ROOM.
Photographs by H. N. King, London.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



THE KING'S WATERMEN.



VIEW OF THE LAKE AND GROUNDS.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



THE THRONE ROOM.



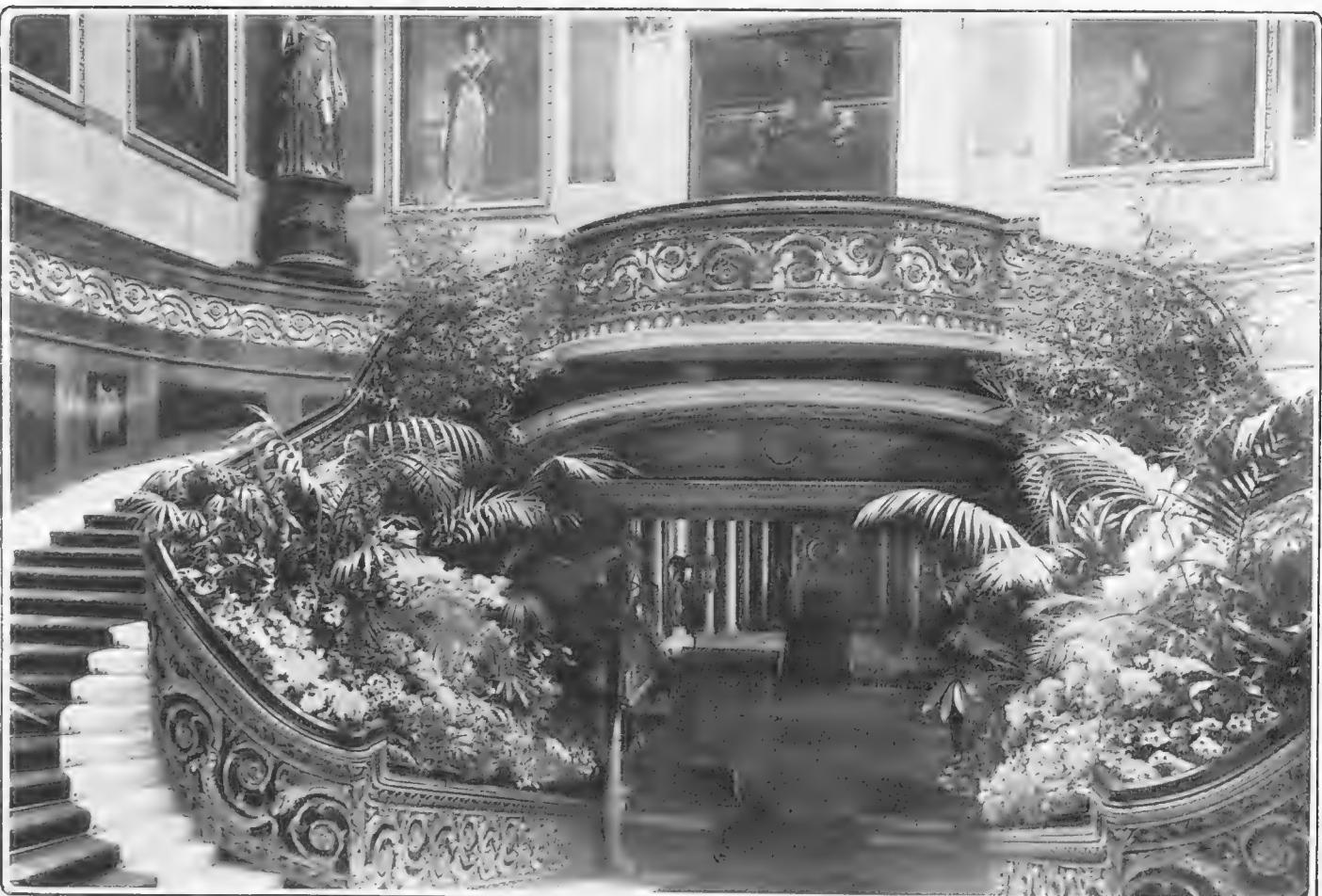
THE BALL AND CONCERT ROOM.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE. THE LONDON HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



THE MARBLE HALL.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

NOWADAYS it is strange to recall the fact that Buckingham Palace and its beautiful gardens were known to our ancestors as the one place in town where mulberries were to be found. James I. wished to revive the British silk industry, and, accordingly, he had a number of mulberry-trees planted within a short distance of his own Palace of St. James. This scheme came to nothing; instead, the "Mulberry Garden," as it was henceforth called, became a great place of popular entertainment, and Evelyn described this seventeenth-century Cremorne as being "the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at."

George III., the grandfather of our late lamented Sovereign, was the first Royal occupant of the estate on which Buckingham Palace now stands. He purchased Buckingham House very shortly after his marriage to the worthy Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and it was in the beautiful mansion, soon to be enlarged and altered beyond recognition, that most of his children were born, including Her late Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent.

George IV. had no love for the small and, to his mind, rather humble mansion in which he had spent so much of his early youth,

our gracious King and his Consort went to open Parliament in the new reign, the day broke wet, foggy, and dismal; but before the bridal party started from the Palace, the true "Queen's weather" asserted itself, and the sun shone on Queen Victoria and her newly wedded husband as they made their way back from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to Buckingham Palace.

It was, of course, from Buckingham Palace that Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales proceeded to St. Paul's in order to render public thanksgiving for the future King's recovery from his terrible illness, and on their return the Queen and her eldest son came out on the central balcony of Buckingham Palace, in answer to the acclamations of the loyal citizens of London. Most unfortunately, it was only two days later, when the Queen was coming back from a drive in Hyde Park, that a lunatic, Arthur O'Connor by name, presented a pistol, which was subsequently found to be unloaded, at the Sovereign. Perhaps this was the cause why some years went by before the Sovereign again took part in a public pageant in the great London streets, but in the March of 1874 she participated in the public entry of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh into London.

To the great joy of the Metropolis, Queen Victoria decided to spend the fiftieth anniversary of her Accession in London, and on this occasion the Sovereign made what was for her quite a long stay at



[DRAWN BY ST. BARBE GOLDSMITH.]

FINISHING UP THE WAR.

FIRST TOMMY (creeping up): All right, Bill; you hold the beggar in front, an' I'll make a flank attack on the right.

SECOND TOMMY (who has been trying unsuccessfully to stalk Boer for the last two hours): An' what are you doing 'ere, I'd like to know? This is my bloomin' Boer; you leave 'im alone, and go and find one yourself!

and when he came to the Throne he made up his mind that, though he would not alarm Parliament by asking for a grant to build a new Palace, he might quite honestly suggest that his London residence should be improved and enlarged.

William IV. and Queen Adelaide much preferred Windsor to London, but the alterations which turned Buckingham House into Buckingham Palace were completed in his reign, though the now huge pile of buildings was never actually inhabited by the Sovereign.

After certain alterations had been hurriedly made, the maiden monarch solemnly took possession of the Palace on July 18, 1837. There was some discussion as to what the residence should be called, and it was suggested that "The Queen's Palace" would be a good name. Her late Majesty, however, decided that it should retain its name of Buckingham Palace.

Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha arrived at Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of Feb. 8, and it seemed as if all London had turned out to cheer the maiden Queen's future Consort; and again and again, immediately after his arrival and on the following day, the bridegroom-elect and the Queen showed themselves at the windows and balconies of the Palace, St. James's Park and the various roads round about being filled with people anxious to catch a glimpse of them. On the morning of the 10th, as on the morning of the auspicious day when

Buckingham Palace, for, arriving on May 9, she took part in many public functions; on the 14th of the same month opening the People's Palace at Mile End, and on the return journey halting at the Mansion House to take tea with the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.

The first Jubilee Day, June 21, 1887, witnessed the splendid progress from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey; and the innumerable Royal personages who had come to do honour to the British Sovereign on this occasion were entertained in the Palace, though the Queen went back to Windsor on the day following that of the celebration of her first Jubilee.

The Diamond Jubilee was also celebrated from Buckingham Palace; and in the interval Her Majesty had herself sanctioned that the marriage of her grand-daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, to the Duke of Fife should take place in the Chapel of Buckingham Palace.

King Edward early decided that the Palace should become his official London residence, and it was from there that their Majesties proceeded to open the Sovereign's first Parliament. The King and Queen Alexandra have only just taken up their residence at Buckingham Palace, but much had to be done before they could enter into occupation. It is there that will take place all the great social Coronation functions, and there also that their Majesties' principal family guests will reside in June.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.



"YOU CRAM THESE WORDS INTO MINE EARS AGAINST THE STOMACH OF MY SENSE."

—THE TEMPEST, Act II., Scene I.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.



"COSTLY THY HABIT AS THY PURSE CAN BUY."

—HAMLET, ACT I., SCENE 3.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

THE NECESSARY NICHE.

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

I.

"T will have to be a rest-cure. You must drop your personality; you must be a nobody for a month."

"Impossible! Impossible!" Carton jerked backward in his chair; there was unstrung hastiness in his action and in his voice.

It was scarcely autumn, but a fire glowed in the grate, the thick curtains were drawn, there were softly toned shades on all the lamps.

The doctor watched his patient imperturbably as he fidgetted; then he let his eyes drop. "Reasons?" he said, with tightened lips.

Carton spread his hands comprehensively. The desk was piled with papers, blue and white; letters lay inches thick; on the floor were newspapers, file on file. The methodical confusion was a symbol as characteristic, as typical, as was Carton himself, as he sat with his face in shadow, his nervous hands thrown into prominence by the filtering light; for, though his features were immovable, one saw that his fingers twitched. "Reasons! My dear sir, where can I begin? To be individual, there is the debate on Friday night; that, in itself, is vital."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "In three months—"

"—I shan't be here to take part in a debate?" Carton laughed, unsteadily.

The doctor deprecated. "Need we go so far?"

"Oh, let us be blunt! Nervous collapse, and then?"

The doctor smoothed his well-kept nails. "The point is fine," he murmured. "Your constituents would lose an able representative. Still—"

Carton laughed again, but more uneasily. "You would imply—?"

"Merely suggest the eternal coming man."

He jerked again. Home-truths had always borne for him an unpleasant taste. "In politics," he said, "one can only be a phase. But there are other things: the *Comet*—" He looked at the papers on the floor.

"The lesson is the same."

Carton began sorting letters with irritable haste. "The moment is primary," he said. "This European business—the complications. People look to the *Comet*."

"And the *Comet* looks to you?" The doctor's voice was dry.

"Well—yes."

The doctor took off his pince-nez and tapped it softly against the table. "We will miss your leaders," he said, "but I have no doubt the *Comet* will still flash. In any case, you mustn't see it for four weeks, so the defection won't hurt you. There's comfort in that fact."

Carton rose abruptly. A rejoinder came to his lips, but he stifled it. He began pacing the room with long, hasty steps. The carpet was soft, the light subdued. After ten minutes, he paused.

"Where shall I go to? Scotland?"

"Too near. You would meet people."

"Egypt?"

The doctor smiled.

"Then, where, in the devil's name?"

The other was silent for a while, tapping his glasses; then he looked up. "What about Ireland?" he said. "You aren't a Liberal of ten years ago, looking for a *métier*—and green is soothing to the eyes. Give Ireland a chance."

II.

Ireland, like other things, requires a point of view. To the fresh observer it may be neutral, even desolate and waste. Carton's temperament had the wrong focus, and the results were blank. He bought a newspaper as he journeyed from Dublin to the South; then, remembering that papers were on the proscribed list, he rolled the thing into a ball and tossed it under the seat. His fellow-passengers were impossible; his head ached from last night's crossing; his



THE NECESSARY NICHE.

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Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

nerves jumped to every swing of the train. He had never in his existence been so out-of-gear.

The train swayed on; the passengers came and went; the scene flying past the windows changed from flat, green fields to rifts of feathery fir-plantation; then even this merged into something else. The first low range of mountains gloomed up, the purple bogs stretched suddenly into sight, and Carton, the imperturbable Carton, heaved a sigh.

It was with relief that he collected his bags as the Junction shot into view; there was a faint interest in the fact of changing trains. A keen wind was brushing the platform; he glanced at the clock and saw that he had half-an-hour to wait. He looked at the refreshment-room, and the jostling people turned him sick. He wheeled abruptly and paced the grey stretch of flags; then the train that he had quitted shunted, jarring his susceptibilities afresh; the flow of passengers regained their seats, the engine swung slowly forward, and he was left to his wait and the whistling gale.

It was then that he saw the girl for the first time. The porters had disappeared; she was struggling with a wicker dress-box, her red hair was tossed by the wind, but her face was a lovely pink. It struck him that he and she were like lost souls in the wide expanse of grey. He looked for a moment, then very slowly he crossed the dividing space.

"I'm afraid you must let me come to your assistance." He meant to be cordial; he tried to assume the tone that one might call correct on a desert island, but it was scarcely a success. It was hard to blank his mind to the fact that he was Carton—the great Carton, to whom people looked.

She glanced up, and the radiance of her smile was disconcerting. "I think you might have helped before," was all she said. "Drag it across to the Cahir train—please." She seemed to add the "please" as an after-thought.

For just a moment his mind wavered; but her hair was quite unique. He let his dignity slip and proceeded to drag systematically.

The Cahir train was waiting in a siding; it was empty, as far as he could see, and had a forsaken air. He eyed it unfavourably, and a recollection of specials and newspaper-men and ovations glided through his thoughts. Then he glanced at the girl, standing in her wonderful freshness and brilliance of colouring on the carriage-step.

"When does this start?" He nodded towards the engine. "Or does it start at all?"

She turned to him tentatively. "Are you interested?" she said. And two things struck him simultaneously: one, that her eyes were brimming with amusement; the other, that she had the softest quaint accent he had ever heard. Each affected him in a different way. He became suddenly stiff.

"To a certain extent," he said, with dignity; "it happens to be my own train." Lifting his hat abruptly, he marched off to collect his rugs.

III.

Carton ensconced himself in gloomy state in the only smoker and meditated—primarily, upon the foolishness of even the wisest men, and secondly, upon red hair. At Cahir he alighted, and from the first he made no effort to hide the eagerness of his glance; but the station was gloom, lighted by an oil-lamp, and the passengers ghosts that flitted through it in elusive shapes. He felt annoyed to a quite extraordinary extent; he swore as he gave up his ticket and stumbled down the bare, wooden steps; he swore again as he climbed awkwardly on to the waiting car. And swearing was a weakness in Carton's eyes.

He arrived at his destination after a six-mile drive, wrapped like a mummy in his rugs and almost as inert as one; and he entered the small hotel shivering, without a glance at the impressive mountains that ringed it round.

All next day he lay in bed and smoked.

At nine on the morning of the third day, the red sun falling on his counterpane aroused him. Even to the most disconsolate there is

still action ; he could wire to his man in town to expect him in a day. The thought was revivifying ; he dressed and sauntered out.

The long, bare street looked peaceful and cool in the early light ; the shadows raced across the fir-girt mountains, and everywhere—marvellously keen and exhilarating to the senses—hung the smell of burning turf. Even against his will, Carton was constrained to look at the hills a second time.

"Very fine !" he thought ; "but a man would tire of it in seven hours." He entered the little post-office with a mind made up.

"Just give me a form," he began, in his high, imperative voice ; but the words broke off, and he drew back. He was not the only sender of telegrams ; someone else was bending over the counter, briskly scribbling words.

The writer's back was towards him, but the coil of the hair and the tip of the ear were unmistakable.

"I'm afraid I have the only pencil, and that's got a broken top." She spoke without looking round. "Do you mind very much ?"

"Not at all, not at all !" Her voice had galvanised the quiet place. Carton felt that his bearings were somehow lost.

She handed in her telegram and paid for it ; then she turned and looked up.

"I'm glad to see you again. I wanted to thank you about that box ; I had no chance to, the other day. It was very good of you, you know. Good-bye." She blushed, and in another instant she was gone.

"The form, sir," reminded the man behind the counter.

"Oh—ah—the form ! On consideration, I think my wire can wait." Carton, too, left the little shop.

IV.

It was high up on the straggling mountain-road that he overtook the girl ; he was certain all along that she was conscious of his presence, but she never turned round. "I hope you won't think me—" He hesitated for the right word, and, on second thoughts, left it out. A blank here and there sometimes eases things.

She turned at last, and her eyes looked very serene.

"I hope you won't think—" He stopped again.

"I hardly ever think," she said, calmly, and the simplicity of the answer struck him with quite a new delight.

"May I walk with you ? I'm a very desolate person, stranded in your country ; it is your duty to be kind." The hill was stiff, his pace had been unusual ; he paused to take his breath.

"I hate duty," she said ; "but you may walk with me, if you like—at least, I suppose you may." She blushed again—the delicious,

unsophisticated blush that somehow reminded Carton of his youth ; and they walked on.

"What are you here for ?" she said, at length. "Fishing ?"

"No. Nerves."

She looked at him interestedly. "Oh !" she said.

"I am staying at the inn," he volunteered.

She was silent for an instant ; then she glanced up again. "We live up there—my mother and I." She nodded to a low-built white house nestling in a belt of firs.

He surveyed it slowly. "How picturesque !" he said ; "but how lonely !"

She threw back her head and answered his thought rather than his words. "Oh ! one does want to see people—new people—now and then."

There was a pause.

"I wonder—"

He hesitated. "Do you think that I might call ?" He spoke quite quietly, but in his deeper consciousness he was perfectly aware of the honour he conferred.

She made no answer for the moment, but, as they neared the high, rusted gate that barred the narrow drive, she halted.

"I'm afraid not, you know ; my mother dislikes strangers so very much."

He retreated a step. Not for innumerable years had he received a social snub. He had had his difficult moments in the House, but that was difficulty with a difference. There was a momentous wait ; then, at last—such things will happen—the sun tilting down from the brim of her hat touched a little ring of copper hair. It was a triviality, but it was more disconcerting than Opposition jeers. Carton amended his position with sudden haste.

He came a step nearer. "Is there no other way ?" he said. "I want to see you again—more than I can say."

She blushed once more. "I'm afraid I can't suggest." She laid her hand on the rusty catch and pushed the gate ajar.

He put out his hand as well ; it touched hers. "But, please—"

"Well"—her voice came quietly, like the whispering of leaves—"I usually post letters at eight o'clock." With a swirl of her light dress, she was gone into the lines of blue-green trees, and Carton was left standing, his cap held unconsciously in his hand.

V.

It was four weeks later that Carton faced things in his room. The day after to-morrow he was due in town.

The smell of turf floated through the window on the soft, moist



He smiled indulgently under cover of the dark.

"THE NECESSARY NICHE."

air; there were purple bars crossing the evening sky, and on his dressing-table, somewhat withered, lay a bunch of heather. It was all very suggestive—the scent, the peace, even the half-neglected flowers.

Carton sighed, then smiled; and, try as he would, there was self-satisfaction in the smile.

"Poor little girl!" he said, aloud. "I'm afraid I have been rather—a beast." He touched the flowers with fingers that were quite steady and burnt to a wholesome brown. "But, after all, when a man slips his identity, things must run a little—loose." He stroked the dry stems, and the small green needles fell about in a shower. "It has been so very—" He left the sentence unfinished and picked up his cap.

It stayed in his mind, still unfinished, as he walked up the mountain-road; it stayed even longer still.

In the shadow of the trees the dusk had begun to fall, but his accustomed eyes had caught a light flutter by the old gate. As he drew level with it, he put out both his hands.

There was a moment in which he clasped two other hands; then another moment, a very long one, in which his head was bent.

"Dear little girl!" he said, and the two figures, very close together, moved out into the road. It was noticeable that, without comment, they turned upward towards the fir-wood, and not downward to where the village lay.

The path through the wood was a brown ribbon in the scented darkness; their eyes could just follow where it wound. By instinct they moved to the right and stopped by a low wall; the wall was moss-grown, but it had stepping-stones that were worn smooth.

The girl disengaged her arm and sat down on the lowest step; Carton lounged against the wall. He admitted that the moment was hard, but its hardness tingled through him; he would take time, he would choose his first sentence word by word. He wondered incidentally whether she would cry; no woman, he supposed, would like to be an episode—a phase in the rest-cure of even a distinguished man. He smiled indulgently under cover of the dark. On further thought, he liked the silence and decided to let it last.

But man is not always the chooser. A small hand felt out for his; and the voice, with its deliberate, enticing accent, spoke his name.

"Philip!" it said; and he noticed suddenly that there was a new uncertainty in the tone, something that one might even have called fear. "Philip—you are going away to-morrow."

The words seemed unnecessary, but women use unnecessary words. He did the only obvious thing. He put out his other hand and turned her face up to his. "Little one!" he said; and again he bent his head.

With a sudden, unlooked-for gesture, she pushed him back.

"You mustn't kiss me!" she said. "You must never kiss me any more!"

There was a wait full of significance, in which he heard her take and let go her breath. He was aware that he turned a little cold.

"Why?" he asked, in a chilled voice. Mentally, he told himself again and again that she didn't know—that she couldn't know; but somewhere within him the remnant of a conscience began to stir uneasily.

At last it grew unbearable. "Explain!" he said, so suddenly that she gave a little cry.

"Oh, Philip, I can't—I can't! It's so terrible—I can't!"

"You think that I don't love you?" he said, and never in his career had he so schooled his voice. He was facing the situation for all he was worth.

"I think that you're the dearest, truest old thing on earth—and that I'm a wretch."

Carton moved so violently that a big round stone toppled from the wall and bowled down into the dark. Neither he nor she heard it fall. He grasped at things mentally with all his force.

"I'm a little—a little bit-at sea," he said, and the sarcasm in his voice was thin and flat.

"But I can't tell you—I can't—I can't!"

Intuition comes to everyone at times, even to the thickest-skinned.

"There's another man?" said Carton, without a pause.

She drew a great, sobbing breath. "Yes. And—and we're to be married at Christmas, when he comes home—" Carton had to bend forward to catch her voice. "And I loved him really, you know, all the time, only—only—" Her words entirely dropped away.

"Go on," he said.

"Only the autumn seemed so long and so lonely, and—and—"

"And what?"

She rose suddenly and took her resolution desperately in both hands. "And you seemed so nice and simple and stupid—you were just too tempting for any words!"

The doctor was the first man to welcome Carton home. After dinner, he waxed enthusiastic over his patient's cure.

"My dear sir," he said, "my theory is proved. If you want to find yourself—mentally or physically—you must step out of your niche."

There was a long pause, in which Carton watched the lamplight falling through his liqueur; then he lifted his glass thoughtfully.

"By Jove," he said, "you must!" And even his enemies could not have hinted that his voice was insincere.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

There was an early era when,
As youthful students may,
I used to scorn unlearned men
And labour hard at book and pen
To pass some stiff exams. and then
Become a wise M.A.

Through all those stiff exams. I came
And took that proud degree;
Then, spurred by some insatiate aim
Of adding letters to my name,
I went on working just the same
And earned my LL.D.

And still I panted upward—yes,
With ardour naught could quell;
Through much financial strain and stress
I rose triumphant, more or less,
An F.S.A., an F.R.S.,
A stately D.C.L.

Yet now, at length, I leave the height,
And lowlier paths pursue:
Below the upper classes, quite,
I walk, an impecunious wight,
Content to sign my name and write
Before it "I.O.U."

Had I, in Jones's humbler way,
Acquired my A B C,
And been at school a sort of "J.,"
I might have made my knowledge pay
And lived in Berkeley Square to-day,
A man of L. S. D.! A. ST. J. A.



THE first of Mr. Charles Wyndham's recently arranged revivals at his Charing Cross Road Theatre, namely, "Still Waters Run Deep," should be fraught with interest to many playgoers besides those of Mr. Wyndham's more immediate *clientèle*, numerous as that *clientèle* is. In the first place, it was in this smartly built-up adaptation of Tom Taylor's—long so beloved of amateur histrions—that Mr. Wyndham

In these days of naval and military dramas bearing all sorts of strange names, it is consoling to learn that we may ere long expect to be treated to a stirring new patriotic drama, entitled "The Conquering Hero." It has been written by Mr. Ernest Leicester (late of the Princess's, but now once again "leading man" at the Surrey) and Mr. Brian Daly, a promising poet and ditto suburban actor. Mr. Daly is also the author of several of the most successful songs of Mr. Albert Chevalier, who, by the time these lines appear in print, will have started a series of special matinées at the Palace Theatre.

A new musical comedy, entitled "The Hotel Honeymoon," is, I learn, to be produced at a West-End theatre ere long. It has been written by Mr. Mel B. Spurr, the popular Egyptian Hall entertainer, and has been composed by Mr. Edward Jones, the esteemed musical director of the Duke of York's Theatre.

I note that a few days ago sundry dramatic journalists appeared to think that Mr. George Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," had only just then been produced "on any stage." This, of course, is not so. It is now some eighteen months or more since the present writer chronicled, after personal experience, the play's first production, for "copyright" purposes, at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. The producer then was Miss Ellen Terry, who had taken a fancy to the piece, and was just then thinking of trying it on her then impending American tour with Sir Henry Irving. About a year ago, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was tested in London.

MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN

is a pretty and clever little actress and singer who made her first appearance on the stage in "Blue-bell," at the Vaudeville Theatre. She is but eleven years of age, yet her voice is strong and sweet, and she is already famous in Society circles as a protégée of Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, as well as of Lady de Grey and Lady Maud Warrender. Little Miss Gwendoline is the daughter of a North Country schoolmaster, and it was at a concert in her father's village that her singing first attracted the attention of Mrs. Wilson.



MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, THE CLEVER LITTLE DANCER IN
"BLUE-BELL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

made his first real success in what may be called semi-serious light-comedy characters. When I first remember Charles Wyndham as a London actor, he had not long returned from winning honours as an army-surgeon among the Southern forces in the terrible American Civil War between the North and South. Returning to England after five years' unceasing service, young Charles Wyndham first acted in burlesque at the Royalty, playing, among other things, Raker, "the I-Deal Smuggler," as contrast to Hatchett, "the Deal Smuggler," in the still blithe Burnand's splendid skit, "Black-Eyed Sue." A year or two later, I tracked Wyndham to the Queen's, in Long Acre, where he played the most serious juvenile parts, if you please, with good old Johnny Toole as the low-comedian, Lionel Brough as dialect character-actor, John Clayton as a sort of "walking gentleman," the late Nellie Moore as sentimental heroine, Henrietta Hodson (the present Mrs. Labouchere) as chief soubrette (and sometime "intense outcast"), and the then Mr. Henry Irving as resident "heavy villain." But it was, as I said above, in "Still Waters Run Deep" (generally called "Still Waters" for short) that Mr. Wyndham made his first big "hit" in a character other than the volatile sort with which his name has been associated since he first appeared as the ever—"engaged" Bob Sackett in "Brighton," at the old Court Theatre, Sloane Square, exactly thirty years ago.

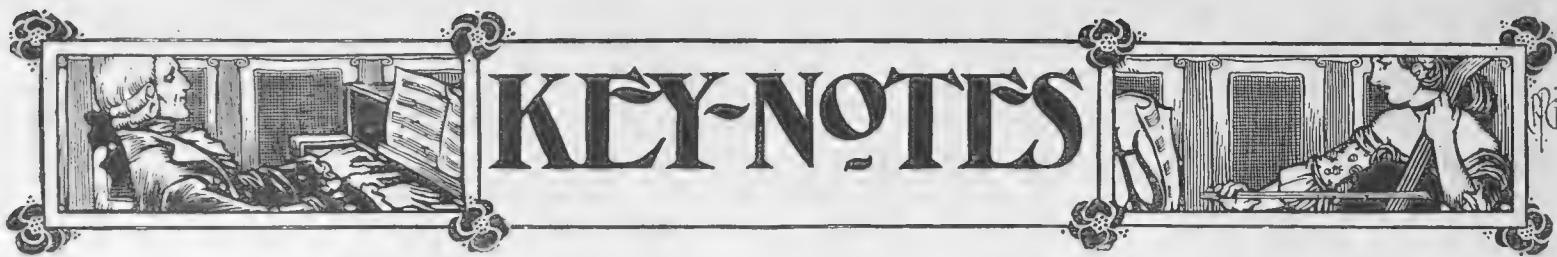
There are, however, sundry other potent interesting reasons why Mr. Wyndham's latest revival of "Still Waters" should prove interesting, and these are that Mrs. Bernard Beere is repeating her celebrated and always strong impersonation of Mrs. Hector Sternhold, and Mr. Lewis Waller is powerfully enacting that character which your "leading man" often yearns to take rather than Mildmay, namely, the unscrupulous Captain Hawksley, who comes out so strong (dramatically, of course, not morally) in the great "Office Scene."

After Madame Réjane and the other French "stars" due on the 26th inst. at the Imperial have finished their season there, there will, I learn, be produced at that beautiful but up to now none too prosperous playhouse the celebrated American adaptation of Mark Twain's "Puddinhead Wilson." This play was "copyrighted" in London some time ago, and the theatre chosen for the purpose was the Elephant and Castle in the New Kent Road.



MISS GRANVILLE, PLAYING IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE JOACHIM QUARTET have finished their regular series of concerts at the St. James's Hall, and have certainly made a deserved and profound impression this year by the beauty of their playing. In the last of their concerts they made an ingenious musical contrast by giving Beethoven's A Minor Quartet (Op. 132) immediately before Haydn's B-flat Major Quartet (Op. 64, No. 3). The latter has such an innocent morning freshness about it, and runs so sparklingly along, that you would think all music was meant for gaiety, and that even its solemnity was merely a piece of eighteenth-century masquerading. The profound emotion of the Beethoven, on the other hand, resembles rather a magnificent sunset over an expanse of immeasurable ocean; the depth of the Beethoven is unfathomable; you can see to the crystal clear depths of the Haydn at a first glance.

Both were played with splendid skill and knowledge; indeed, the accuracy with which two such widely separated musical moods were caught, and in such quick succession, was matter for marvel. The slow movement of the Beethoven, which he himself in 1823 described as a song of gratitude to God for his recovery from an illness, and which was written in "the Lydian mode," could not have been bettered; it was a miracle of thought and accomplishment combined. The other movements were, perhaps, not on the level of this magnificent achievement, but they were played with only a little less depth of emotional feeling. In the quick and brilliant Haydn there was, as has been said, another story to tell, and finely did these players tell it. The perfect symmetry of form and equipoise of phrase against phrase were noted by these musicians with the most admirably classical feeling. One left the concert after such playing as this with quite a musical glow of kindled sentiment.

An agreeable announcement, by the way, was made during an interval of this concert, that the same combination of players will next year, at about the same dates, give a series of seven more concerts. No doubt, the event will be looked forward to by music-lovers with the keenest interest.

If Job were alive now and making one of his customary complaints, he would probably utter a variation on one of his most celebrated remarks, and cry aloud, "Oh that mine enemy would write a Coronation March!" "Common Chord" does not profess to have any enemies, but the pouring forth of Coronation Marches has almost made him wish that he had fifty or sixty. Apart from this lesser detail, it may be noted that Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Coronation March, which is to be played inside the Abbey on the great occasion, was given for the first time the other evening at the Alhambra. There has been a mingled chorus of praise and blame. The present writer is not among its most favourable critics, but it is clear that many of the reasons which gave occasion for fault-finding were due to the quite disproportionate preponderance of brass which was used on the occasion in question; the result was something of a blur; so that it was a little difficult to distinguish the melodic structure through the dissevering blare of an overwhelming onset of brass. In the open air that fault would certainly be largely diminished, but one is very doubtful if the echoes of the Abbey will not increase the blurring tendency which has here been noticed.

The second night of the Opera brought us Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," with Saléza as the Roméo and Madame Suzanne Adams as

the Juliette. "Roméo" must always remain as the finest testimony of Gounod's operatic genius. Far more than "Faust" it represents a peculiar sexual element in music to which Gounod alone seemed to have the key. Wagner, in "Tristan," set sexuality upon such an immeasurably high plane that the loves of Tristan and Isolde are heroic rather than human. Gounod's inspiration was frankly that of human seduction, and, with a kind of instinct rather than of carefully weighed intention, he made his melodies touch the essential heart of the everyday attraction of man for woman. An irreverent admirer might even say that in the animal world there is an exact parallel in the thought of a very superior tom-cat wailing in the night for an equally superior tabby. The singing of the opera was excellent.

Madame Suzanne Adams and M. Saléza took the name-parts extremely well, Madame Adams particularly being in excellent voice. Saléza's Roméo has always been distinguished, and his singing on this occasion was full of fire and enthusiasm. In the final recitatives he was particularly good. M. Plançon has come back to us this year with all his splendid gifts still superlatively fine; and Mancinelli was as vigilant and as active as ever in conducting his forces to fine orchestral issues.

Then we have had "Tannhäuser" and "Faust." In the last-named opera, M. Saléza by no means fulfilled the promise of his first appearance. Although he had his big moments (of course, in the title rôle), he "came" what schoolboys call a "terrible cropper" in the "Salve dimora" of the Garden Scene. He began flat, and, in a desperate effort to avoid what his own true ear must have persuaded him to be the fact, he ended by singing sharp—a combination of mistakes the memory of which not all his excellent singing in other parts of the opera could wipe out effectually. A high medical authority informs "Common Chord"—an authority, it may be added, who knows Saléza well—that it is chiefly a matter of neurotic fright; but if this is always to occur with the singing of this song, Saléza must be advised to sing any other part than that of Faust. Madame Adams, as Marguerite, was admirable. The "Tannhäuser" performance was chiefly remarkable for the extreme beauty of the new scenery and of

Mdlle. LHÉRIE, A YOUNG SOLO-HARPIST,
WHO WILL PROBABLY ACCOMPANY MADAME ALBANI ON HER CONTINENTAL AND
AMERICAN TOUR.

Photograph by Professor Stebbing, Paris.



Renaud's magnificent interpretation of Wolfram. Herr Kraemer-Helm made a good Tannhäuser and Madame Löhse an excellent Elizabeth. The orchestra was good under Herr Löhse.

COMMON CHORD.

MDLLE. LHÉRIE.

Mdlle. Lherie is the daughter of M. Lherie, who, more than a quarter of a century ago, created Don José in "Carmen," who sang in Grand Opera with Albani in the early 'eighties, and who is now Professor at the Paris Conservatoire. Her mother, who is an American, was a fellow-student with Albani under Lamperti, and has herself often sung with Campanini. Mademoiselle, whose portrait is given, took to the harp when a child of six, and, ever since, the two have been inseparable. She has played concertos with M. Colonne's celebrated orchestra, and, indeed, she is familiar with every concert-hall in Paris. The harp she uses was a gift of the Salle Erard and is worth six thousand francs. Madame Albani has expressed a desire to take Mdlle. Lherie on her coming tour through Germany, across to the United States, and back to Paris, and possibly London.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Motor "Boom"—The King's New Car—Broad Handle-Bars—The Small Maker—A Royal Warrant—Riding Against the Wind—Hot Weather and Thirst—That Unpuncturable Tyre!

Time to light up : Wednesday, May 21, 8.51 ; Thursday, 8.52 ; Friday, 8.54 ; Saturday, 8.55 ; Sunday, 8.56 ; Monday, 8.58 ; Tuesday, 8.59.

The other day, I was talking to a motor-manufacturer, and he told me that so great was the demand for machines that he has orders on his books which are not likely to be fulfilled until the spring of next year. The "boom" in bicycles, six or seven years ago, was nothing compared with the "boom" now in motors. Manufacturers are making an excellent thing out of their business, because fashionable folk must have the very latest improvement, and will part with a motor they have owned for three or four months in order to get another one which they think better.

Much of the motor enthusiasm is, of course, due to the keen interest the King takes in the pastime. His new autocar, built by the Daimler Motor Company, is really magnificent. It is of 22 horse-power. It will carry eight passengers. There are curved glass panels to protect them from the dust, and the car, which is painted crimson-lake, is upholstered with blue morocco leather. His Majesty does not favour pneumatic tyres, but various experiments have been made which have induced him to have one set of the Goodyear pneumatic tyres, though he has decided to also keep on hand a set of wheels with solid tyres.

Strolling into a repairer's shop the other day, I spent an interesting five minutes looking at a stack of old crocks ready to be let out at sixpence an hour. Many a machine which, no doubt, when spick, span, and new, brought joy to the heart of the owner, can now only be regarded with a smile. There seemed to be as much diversity in pattern of handles as there is in the design of ladies' bonnets. This led me to inspect a crop of this year's machines, and I was rather surprised to find a distinct inclination towards wide handle-bars, which certainly cause ungracefulness on the part of the rider, though they might be said to have a certain advantage in expanding one's chest. In this respect they are better than the narrow, low-drop bars which speed-men affect. Last year's bar—straight and with a slight bend at the handles, to prevent the wrist being unduly strained—was excellent. Handle-bars should, generally speaking, be about the same width as one's shoulders.

Only this morning, I received three letters from correspondents, enclosing stamped envelopes for reply, to give them what they called my "candid opinion" about whether a bicycle by a local maker, built upon order, was better than a machine of a first-class make taken out of stock. On this point I have written before. If you yourself thoroughly understand bicycles and understand also what you want, and can get hold of a local man who is intelligent and will meet your wishes, then, I dare say, you can obtain a machine quite as good and cheaper than one bearing a well-known name. The trouble, however, is to get such a local manufacturer and one who will not be tempted, for the sake of cheapness, to put some shoddy material into the bicycle. To have a row with you afterwards and lose your custom means nothing to him. The big makers, on the other hand, have their reputation to look after, and an action against them for faulty workmanship must do serious injury to their trade. The bicycles turned out by half-a-dozen of the leading makers are just about as good as they can well be, and, although there are many matters of detail that would be an improvement, I believe that, when mishaps occur, they are due to accident rather than to carelessness.

How the average person dislikes wind! I was out the other day with a man, and we had close upon fifty miles of hard plugging right in the teeth of a gale. My friend is the most good-natured chap on

the face of the earth, but the language he used and the way he anathematised all the breezes that blew would, I fancy, have outdone the famous feat of Captain Good, who is declared to have sworn for ten minutes without once repeating himself. Personally, I must say I have little objection to a breeze. It lowers the pace, but, on the other hand, there is the satisfaction of feeling one is really getting the better of the combat. Riding against the wind is something of an art which it is well to learn. Many folks plug along in desperate, angry manner, and naturally they soon become exhausted. A careful rider will always watch opportunities to nurse the sheltered side of the road, and, when a blast strikes him, he will not drive into it with vigour, but keep a level pedalling pace, which will be of far more service than attempting to spurt. Comparatively easy riding against the wind is to be obtained by good pedalling. I do not know how it is with other riders, but my own experience is that, riding a fairly heavy roadster, one can journey better against the wind than when mounted on a light road-racing machine.

The Humber Company are certainly fortunate in having been appointed by royal warrant Cycle Manufacturers to the King. It is also interesting to know that when the Prince of Wales bicycles it is on a Beeston-Humber.

We will be having hot weather soon, it is to be supposed, though the weather recently has been as chilly as the early days of March. Indeed, by the time this page meets the public eye, it is possible we may have at last reached belated but glorious summer. With the

arrival of hot weather there always comes the great question of what to drink. The best thing is not to drink at all. The more you drink, the more you want to drink. If you have courage enough to resist the first attack of thirst, you can pedal on for the rest of the day without any inclination towards drinking. Flooding one's stomach with a lot of gaseous concoctions is obviously bad. Still, if one must drink, soda-water with some lime-juice in it is about the most efficacious beverage I know to quench thirst. Wine for one's dinner is excellent; beer is to be avoided, because it makes one perspire unnecessarily, while spirits are abominable.

When the unattainable has been achieved and the unfathomable has been plumbed, I fancy we will have reached the time when the really unpuncturable tyre will be in existence. Most of us have slipped into the frame of mind which regards the search for the unpuncturable tyre very much in the same way as we regard the endeavours of the alchemists to discover the Philosopher's Stone. Every now and then, however, we are informed that an unpuncturable tyre has really, undoubtedly, and most unmistakably been invented. The latest news comes from Paris. It is said you can plant needles, thorns, tin-tacks, and two-inch nails into the tube without producing the slightest deflation. It is also stated that the invention is an application of the properties of compressed India-rubber, which adheres so closely round the object causing the puncture as not to allow any escape of air to occur. A well-tested tyre will rather look like the fretful porcupine. I have heard of so many unpuncturable tyres not one of which has been any good that I have become a little sceptical in regard to fresh inventions. Anyway, if this is the real, genuine article at last, there should be a great meeting of cyclists in Hyde Park to sing the Doxology.

This is the time when those of us who hope to do a good deal of touring in the coming months carefully go over our maps looking out fresh routes. One or two maps have just been sent me. Mr. Upcott Gill forwards a very excellent route-map of England and Wales, not too overcrowded with detail, but showing clearly all the main-roads to principal places. Mr. H. Grube sends me Spencer's Cyclist Road-book, which is really an excellent shilling's-worth of routes, giving a guide to some five thousand towns, a list of hotels to stay at, and a well-arranged itinerary of distances from place to place. Also, he sends me his "Fifty Miles Round London," on a scale of four miles to the inch.

J. F. F.



FRENCH JOURNALISTS LEAVING FOR ST. PETERSBURG IN A MOTOR, PRECEDED BY A PILOT-CAR.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flavien, Paris.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Handicaps.

With the decision of the Jubilee Stakes the last of the big Spring Handicaps ended. Royal George, who belongs to Mr. Higham, a well-known stockbroker, was backed all over the country by little punters, and many of the pavement bookies failed to pay out. It seems Royal George had been followed in all his races by the silver plungers, but many of the big bettors threw him over for the Jubilee, as they voted him a shy finisher. First-favourites failed in the Lincoln Handicap, Great Metropolitan, City and Suburban, Chester Cup, and Jubilee Stakes. Yet the winners of all the races named were well backed by the stay-at-home speculators. First Principal carried tons of London money in the City and Suburban, and Carabine was included in all the little lots for the Chester Cup. St. Maclou was the first horse pitched upon by the public for the Lincoln Handicap directly the weights appeared, and Congratulation was the little man's tip for the Great Metropolitan. Royal George had been at a shorter price than the 10 to 1 at which he started for the Jubilee, but, as I have said so many times before, the betting on the race is always good, and an eleventh-hour commission often comes to upset the market. This year, The Solicitor was the medium of a big plunge at

the last moment, and it is really surprising that the horse should go on deteriorating. Up to now, he has been a flat-catcher of the first water. Perhaps he will begin winning when his old friends have deserted him. St. Maclou ran badly at Kempton Park, and I think he has done too much "racing. Revenue will win a big handicap before many months are over.

I begin to fancy that Mr. Sievier was extremely unlucky in not winning the Lincoln Handicap with Sceptre, when, it is said, he had £800 invested on the filly. All being well, she is, in my opinion, bound to win the Derby, as I could not fancy either Ard Patrick or the Duke of Westminster for the Blue Riband of the Turf. They are not bred to win the race, and believers in the figure system have not hesitated to lay against them for all of their classic engagements. I do hope that Randall will ride Sceptre at Epsom. He is a smart jockey, sensible, well-educated, and not likely to be spoiled by fulsome flattery. His father and mother are both very fond of racing. They attend the majority of the South Country meetings. Mr. Randall senior was a big winner over First Principal at Epsom, although he seldom plunges. He has a large boot-factory at Northampton, and tried unsuccessfully to oust Mr. Labouchere from the representation of the borough at the last election. Now that the majority of the Americans are riding in France, young Randall has a great chance of getting some good mounts in England, although he is at a disadvantage just now, because Eugene Leigh's horses are palpably unfit. It is now more than ever evident that the Americans cannot get horses fit in the early spring. They apparently rely more on sunshine than they do on galloping to get their horses ready. Anyway, the American-trained horses, such as Volodyovski and Spectrum, appear to be quite fat and look anything but winners. Sceptre, I believe, thrives on very little galloping, and she is fit all the time. I hope to see Mr. Sievier lead her back a gallant winner of the Derby.

Captain Machell. The death of Captain Machell, which took place at Hastings on May 11, was not unexpected. The Captain had been a great sufferer for many months, and when he left for Newmarket some time back a friend told me that, in his opinion,

the Captain was breaking up. Captain Machell was sixty-four when he died. He had been connected with the Turf for thirty-two years, during which period he won five hundred and forty races with his own horses and captured £110,000 in stakes alone. The Captain betted heavily when he knew anything, and he invariably got the better of the Ring. The history of the Hermit coup is too well known to need recapitulation here, except to state that Mr. Henry Chaplin, like many another owner, gave up active participation in the Sport of Kings soon after he had attained the highest honour. Lord Rodney, another patron of Captain Machell's, retired from the Turf after winning the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch. I believe, however, that it was at the express wish of Lady Wimborne, whose daughter Lord Rodney married, that his Lordship gave up racing. Lady Wimborne, by-the-bye, was Lord Randolph Churchill's sister. Yet another instance. Sir John Willoughby's horses were managed by Captain Machell, and, very soon after Harvester had run a dead-heat with St. Gatien for the Derby, Sir John took no further active interest in the Turf. It was said that Mr. De La Rue, who trained horses in Captain Machell's stables, spent £30,000 before he won his first race. The late Lord Calthorpe was a patron of the stable, and his name is still printed in the Forfeit List, although he died one of the richest Peers in all England. I presume his relatives are antagonistic to racing.

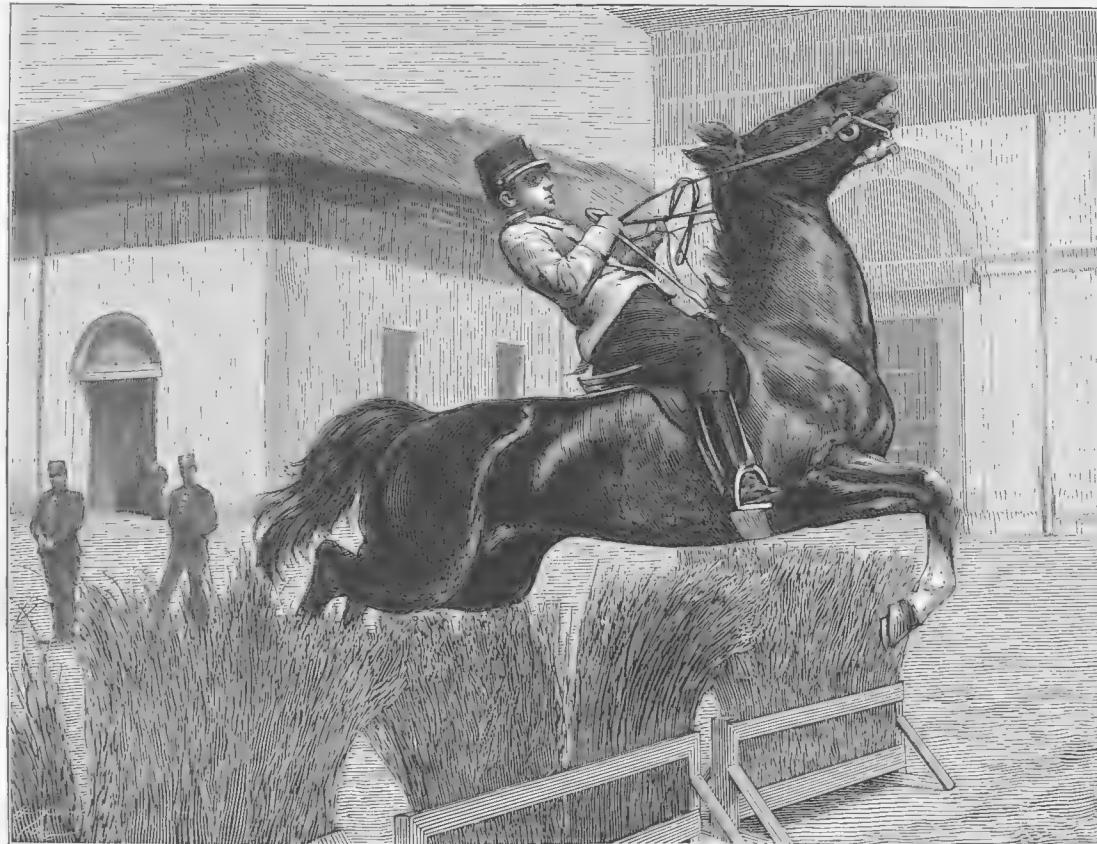
Captain Machell did very well for Colonel H. McCalmont, thanks mainly to the successes of Isinglass.

No one has mentioned the fact that the late Captain Machell dabbled in sporting journalism. He was, many years ago, interested in the *Sporting Gazette*, and, if I am not mistaken, he formed one of a syndicate which started the *Glow-worm*, an evening paper which was run about thirty years ago and which gave the results of the day's racing. This was a difficult feat in those days, as the winners had to come by pigeons. When the *Echo* was first started, it was possible only to

get the arrivals, and perhaps the first and second races, in time for the final edition of the day. Now, however, things have reached such a pitch that results are being sold in London almost before the numbers have gone up on the board at far-off Manchester.

Trials. I am not going to refer to the ordinary trials and troubles of the ordinary racing-man, but to the trials of horses. We were told that First Principal had been tried with the watch before the City and Suburban, and that his time proved him to be a certainty. Then the papers told us Forfarshire had beaten First Principal's time, and that he could not lose the Jubilee Stakes. As a matter of fact, he finished last. So much for the watch. Then, with ordinary stable-trials, how many horses we have seen win lately that were despised by their trainers on the strength of home trials. Sweet Sounds was tried to be moderate, and, of course, Sweet Sounds won at Sandown. Friar Tuck, who won a good race at Kempton Park, was said to have been badly beaten in a home gallop, and Royal Ivy, another Kempton winner, had done badly in a private spin. A great deal depends on the trial tackle, but a great deal more, in my opinion, hinges on the riders in trials. Some trainers put up unheard-of and inexperienced stable-lads, which is altogether misleading to backers. True, many of the trials are got up to hoodwink the touts, but, as a rule, owners who descend to that sort of thing soon have to sell off their horses. The man who goes straight at racing and delights in seeing others participate in his successes lasts the longest. So mote it be. I have, in my time, seen a whole army of the sharps go under.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN preparation for the forthcoming Coronation Week and its attendant gaieties, a great many women have adopted the eminently sensible course of going in for a "cure" of complete isolation and solitude during Whitsun week. People fled out of town last Thursday and Friday as if it were plague-stricken, to fortify themselves with country air or seaside breezes respectively against the



[Copyright.]

A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK OF WHITE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE WITH LACE AND CHINÉ RIBBON.

overwhelming approach of June and all that that magic word means in this year of grace and glorification. I know at least five wise women much in Society who departed to the country with the avowed intention of going to bed for a week, and thus securing a time of halcyon torpitude amongst the birds, bees, and butterflies.

The premature ageing of women is much more frequent in this generation of electric speed than could have been imagined or dreamed of by our sleepy, placid, and smooth-cheeked grandmothers. Fatigue, worry, the struggle against poverty, the effort of keeping up appearances, late hours, and many other nerve-troubles, reflect themselves in that "Mirror of the Emotions" one's face, whereon it is a well-recognised fact that every trace of feeling leaves its impression sooner or later.

How frequently one sees nowadays a woman of youthful physique, shapely shoulders, graceful carriage, and all the attributes which would, naturally, accompany a young and pretty face, but how often also the possessor of all these advantages is wrinkled, raddled, lined, and, worst of all, "made up"! Balzac, who knew his world and specialised in the study of womenkind, describes the approach of these little lines, "which appear so insidiously, so unexpectedly, so without warning . . . the line deepens, grows larger, and, in a measure, causes youthfulness and beauty to take flight." Every generation of womenkind, from those of antique Egypt, long before the Christian Era, down to the classic others of Byzantium, Greece, and Rome, through long ages until the era of Ninon de l'Enclos is

reached, has made it a study to preserve the fleeting graciousness of youth, knowing that with it most of her charm and powers are ended, so that, after all, we in this generation, who go to bed for six weeks and massage our faces in the vain yet ardent hope of "smoothing out the wrinkles," are but following in the footsteps of our forbears even back to the time of Mother Eve herself. Now, wrinkles, which are the death of all beauty, are formed, to be very particular, only by the action of certain muscles in the face, whose special mission is, as it were, to form what we know as "expression." These muscles are small, but infinitely multiplied; they adhere directly to the skin itself, and so put it out of place by contracting the face and also the skin in a given direction when smiling, frowning, or otherwise.

Those who indulge rages develop certain wrinkles; those who are laughter-loving find themselves with others below the cheeks and at the outer angle of the eyelid. The French call them "pattes d'oies"; we know and fear them as "crow's-feet." Those lines on the forehead which destroy the most lovely features and quickly age faces are the proud misfortune of thinkers. Stupid, immobile people rarely attain these special disfigurements. From all of which it would appear that the old proverb which tells us that the face is the mirror of the soul has more scientific truth in it than its poetic vagueness would at first make apparent.

Besides the mental and moral origin of wrinkles, some also are due to external causes—overeating, for example, intemperance, and inattention to cleanliness being fruitful causes of bad complexions and withered skin. Three remedies can be recommended as successfully warding off these enemies of youth and comeliness. One is the outdoor



[Copyright.]

A RACE-GOWN OF LACE WITH DARK-BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.

life, which should be practised as much as possible even by those who live in cities. The second is a simple and non-alcoholic diet, as far as the exigencies of our pampered social life will admit. The third is a judicious system of face-massage, which, when not carried to excess,

causes the atrophied muscles to continue performing their functions years after they would otherwise be enabled to do so. Two lines of the wise La Fontaine occur to me here in this connection which should be written above the toilet-table of every woman—

Les ruines d'une maison se peuvent réparer,
Que n'est cet avantage pour les ruines du visage,

which, freely construed, may be set down in nervous English as "An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure."

Last Friday's Court had some distinctive features of its own which are not likely to recur within the portals of the Palace. It is known

that, for several reasons, the Court-train of classic length has been threatened with abolition; or, at all events, with severe modifications; but Her Majesty, with unerring judgment, saw that the abolition of the Court-train, notwithstanding its "unlimited limitations," would be to shear Court functions of much splendour, and, as a result of much argument and many conventions, the Court-train had been dispensed with on Friday—"but for that occasion only."

Many people, of course, wore their regulation two and a-half to four yards, but many also availed themselves of Her Majesty's permission to go in the ordinary train-dress of fashionable usage, and a great diversity of styles was, therefore, apparent. Several notably lovely gowns were set forth with the fashionable mother-of-pearl trimming, in the form

SHOOTING TROPHY FOR THE FIRST BATTALION
ROYAL GARRISON REGIMENT.

Designed and Modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

of sequins, passementerie, or fringe, while silk and satin robes with over-dresses of gauze or chiffon, which were, again, decorated with garlands of chiffon flowers, made very picturesque and delicate effects.

The chiffon and lace trains which were introduced last Season did not much prevail, four yards of airy nothingness having proved itself to be too destructible even for the uses of Court garments.

At foreign Courts it is not generally known that the regulation gowns are more trained than ours, nine yards being the prescribed length for Court-dress in Denmark and Sweden, while in Spain five and six yards is a not unusual length. Flower-petals, sprinkled with crystal dew-drops or the favourite pearl, play a great part in the decoration of evening-gowns, and velvet embroideries, in the natural colours of the flowers, like those worn on the Queen's dress at the last Court, are favoured, being an effective as well as decidedly costly mode of embellishing dinner-gowns. An oyster-white satin treated in this way with natural tones of lilac and foliage made a captivating appearance at a recent dinner, and a novel effect was given by bands of gold tissue acting as shoulder-straps, providing the only sleeves that were worn with it.

Prince's, which is acknowledged to be the fashionable lunching place in town, has been the scene of several big functions of the sort lately. Prince Soltykoff had a gay little luncheon-party there some days ago, and Lord Yarmouth was at another table with some choice spirits. Baroness de Reuter's series of luncheons has included most of the smart people one knows. Lady Esher, Lady Conyers, Lady Egmont, Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerk, Baron and Baroness de Stern, Sir James Blyth, Lady and Miss Hart, Captain and Miss Dighton Probyn, Lady Eardley, Commander de Lousada, Mr. Fitzroy Stewart, Lady Tenterden, Sir Halliday and Lady Macartney were amongst the series of luncheon-guests. The fashion of giving little luncheons at Prince's has, in fact, become more modish than ever this Season, and one is pretty sure to run across scores of well-known people lunching cheerily together at that "haunt of light and leading" any day between two and four.

For suppers we remain faithful to our Savoy, and the Sunday dinner at the Carlton does not abate its popularity, but for luncheon Prince's draws us by a single hair.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. G. (Bromley, Kent).—I am unable to send you paper patterns. These are supplied only by ladies' papers.

EAST WIND (Chatham).—Your *nom-de-guerre* is a very good one at the present freezing juncture. Try Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which has a forty years' reputation as being one of the best emollients known.

SYBIL.

Next Monday there will be produced at the Kennington Theatre a new comedy written by the Australian poet-novelist Mr. Carlton Dawe, and entitled "Brother Bill."



ROYAL ACADEMY: SECOND NOTICE.

ONLY one portrait and one small classical composition represent Sir L. Alma-Tadema at Burlington House this year, and so very diminutive is the picture last referred to that it may easily be overlooked unless one makes it a special objective. "Caracalla" is the title, and it represents the dainty figures of Roman maidens strewing rose-leaves over the mosaic pavement across which the advancing Emperor is about to pass. The colour is gay and the workmanship is like that of a miniature, so that the picture makes a forcible contrast with some of the broad and vigorous brush-work that has lately invaded the galleries. There are plenty of people who delight in such delicate craftsmanship as is displayed in this picture, and they may find more of a somewhat similar kind, though not on quite so small a scale, in the President's "Vision of Endymion," a work, however, that, with all its poetry of conception and line, is not quite satisfying, on account of the undue solidity of Diana. In his conscientious elaboration of the modelling of her figure, Sir Edward has actually made the goddess look human, instead of depicting the ethereal apparition that one imagines from Keats's description.

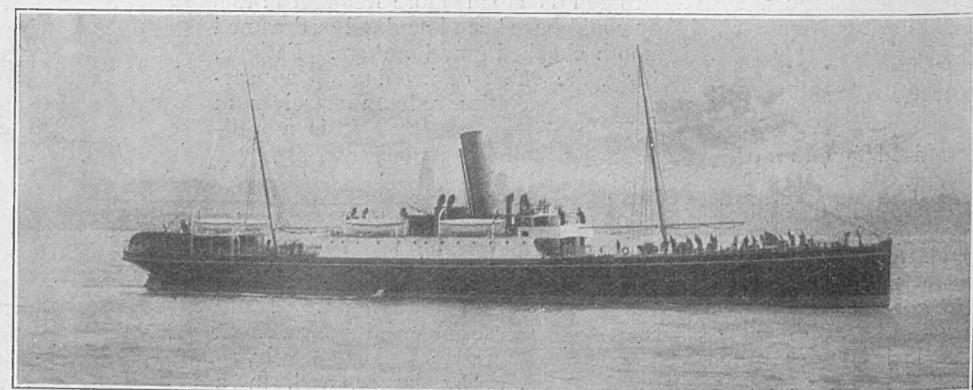
There is a good deal of dramatic force in Mr. Orchardson's "The Borgia," which represents a sumptuous table spread out of doors, with the richly apparelled host contemplating the luckless guest, who has paid the not unusual penalty for such a repast by partaking of the poisoned cup. The setting of the scene, with its heavy cypress foliage overhead, adds to its tragic import.

It is necessary to refer again to Mr. Sargent, for, though I have already mentioned some of his works, "The Misses Hunter" is of such importance that it cannot be neglected. It is a highly original composition in which the heads of the three figures come together as the point of focus in the centre of the picture, the ladies being seated on a circular settee. A reserved colour-scheme of black and grey gives brilliance to the vivacious heads, and there is a lively spot of colour in a scarlet fan, while richness is obtained in the carpet and in the Japanese screen that forms an effective background. The hand receding on the right is worth noting, and the dog is amusingly indicated by a few touches. "Doggy" people will be shocked by the off-hand treatment of this animal, but it should be remembered that, if he had been elaborated, the strong focus that is so marked a quality of the picture would have been disturbed. The same artist also portrays "Lord Ribblesdale" in a quiet scheme of black, grey, and fawn, but finds full opportunity for the indulgence of his lively colour-sense in the costumes of "Mrs. Leopold Hirsch" and "Lady Meysey-Thompson."

Mr. George Alexander's white attire in "The Prisoner of Zenda" is skilfully rendered in an effective portrait by Mr. Robert Brough, and near by is a representation of a memorable scene—that of the reception of the "C.I.V." by the civic dignitaries in the Guildhall—rendered with much regard for colour and portraiture by Mr. J. H. F. Bacon. The composition of this picture is, however, somewhat unsatisfactory, for the mass of colour appertaining to the civic robes is relegated to the extreme right, while khaki uniforms occupy nearly all the remaining space. But it is a sufficiently difficult matter to give pictorial treatment to such a scene at all. Mr. Waterhouse's "The Missal," with the kneeling figure of a girl, is noteworthy for a suggestion of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit, which, indeed, seems well to accord with the subject.

THE TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "GREAT WESTERN."

The twin-screw steamer *Great Western*, which has been constructed by Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, for the Great Western Railway Company, has completed her official trials, with satisfactory results, on the Mersey. She is one of two sister-vessels which have been built by the firm mentioned for the Irish service run by the Great Western Railway Company between New Milford and Waterford, and, together with the fast screw-steamer *Pembroke* now employed on the service, will afford a convenient and expeditious means for the conveyance of passengers and perishable traffic passing between this country and the South of Ireland.



THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT WESTERN," BUILT FOR THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S SERVICE BETWEEN NEW MILFORD AND WATERFORD.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 26.

"THE PEACE ACCOUNT."

HAVING to write these Notes earlier than usual, in consequence of the Whitsuntide holidays, we are still in the dark as to the result of the Boer meeting at Vereeniging, so that it is more than usually difficult to consider the future trend of Stock Exchange matters; but by the time the Notes are in our readers' hands, it is probable that something of the probabilities, at least, will have leaked out. As we write, every market is waiting for the African news of the next few days, and, pending its arrival, both amateur and professional speculators are merely marking time.

Money has been in strong demand lately, and discounts have been very firm. Argentine issues are in considerable favour both upon the drop in the gold premium and the strongly expressed opinion of those in a position to judge, that there is no real danger of a rupture with Chili. In Mines, the most noticeable feature has been the utter collapse of Le Rois upon the issue of the Board's circular, which most people think means reconstruction, while the more the Etruscan concern is looked at the less hopeful does the prospect appear. Among Industrials, the Lipton dividend is not appreciated, nor is the statement that Sir Thomas is paying the advertising expenses calculated to increase the public confidence.

FURTHER NOTES ON OPTIONS.

In our last issue we explained what was meant by a "call option," and how, when a good number of options were running, they tended to check any serious rise in prices. Of course, what we have said of "call options" applies equally to "put options," which can be manipulated in the same way. The buyer of a "call option" has the right to compel the seller to deliver the stock at the end of the stipulated time, and the buyer of a "put option" has a corresponding right to oblige the seller to accept delivery of the stock at the end of the corresponding period and to pay for it on delivery. The purchaser of a "call option" is a bull of the stock he has dealt in, and the buyer of a "put option" is a bear of the same thing. Just as a number of outstanding "call options" tend to bring sellers into the market on any large rise, so a corresponding series of "put options" obliges the possessors of them to purchase stock on anything like a heavy fall, so as to complete their bargains and reap their harvest in the shape of profit.

An operator can, if he likes, buy both a call and a put option of the same stock, the cost being about double that of the single option. The risk he runs is that the fluctuations of the security in which he is dealing are not large enough to enable him to make a profit within the time at his disposal. For instance, if a single option in Rand Mines costs 7s. 6d. a share to the end of June, the double option would cost 15s. a share, and, unless the price varies one way or the other more than 15s. before the time comes, the operator has thrown away his money.

Most people, therefore, buy options in the direction in which they imagine the markets will move—in other words, they are as much "bulls" or "bears" of the shares dealt in, as if they did what the public commonly do, bought a certain number outright; but the option operator has the advantage that he knows exactly the extent of his risk.

Correspondents week after week plead that they like to deal with outside brokers because their risk is limited to their cover, and for this sole reason it is within our own knowledge that all sorts and conditions of people submit to be robbed by the touting fraternity by whom London and the provinces are infested. Why do not such people turn their attention to options? They can deal through any member of the Stock Exchange, and can be sure of at least an honest run for their money.

Of course, the intending operator must confine his attention to fairly active stocks; but nearly all the outside brokers' victims do that, so it is no hardship. For the information of those readers who are inclined to try a little option-dealing, we give a list of a few of the most convenient securities, with the prices of two and three months' options in each—

Security.	Put or Call to End June Account.	Put or Call to End July Account.
Consols ..	1/2 to 5/8	5/8 to 1/2
Atchison ..	2 1/2 to 2 1/2	2 1/2 to 3
Canadian Pacific ..	3 to 4	4 to 5
Reading ..	1 1/2 to 1 5/8	1 3/4 to 2
Chartered (shares) ..	1/2 to 1	5/8 to 1 1/8
De Beers (shares) ..	1/2 to 3/4	7/8 to 1
Goldfields (shares) ..	1/2 to 3/4	5/8 to 1 1/8
Rand Mines (shares) ..	4 to 5	5/8 to 1 1/8
Randfontein (shares) ..	10/16 to 1 1/4	1/4 to 5/16

The double option would be exactly twice as expensive to purchase in each case.

HOME RAILS.

From the consideration of Home Railway Ordinary stocks as good investments at their current level, the market in the Stock Exchange has turned to the more gilt-edged departments as affording scope for "speculative" purchases. But, from our own point of view, there is not much likelihood of any substantial advance in Home Railway Debenture, Preference, or Guaranteed securities so long as Colonial stocks remain comparatively cheap and open to trustees for investment. Here and there may be found silver-edged securities which have good speculative possibilities. Chatham Second Preference, or even the First Preference, has a distinctly good chance of a healthy advance. The joint earnings of the South-Eastern and the Chatham show an increase of nearly thirty thousand pounds, which is certainly not magnificent, but which may turn out a very useful basis for the June increases to go upon. City and South London 1901 5 per cent. Preference stock at 120 is another neglected stock which, paying over 4 per cent. on a purchaser's money will probably mount to at least 125 when more general attention becomes drawn to it, particularly as the quotation of the Ordinary stock is making rapid upward strides. Some of the Great Central prior issues court investigation by the investor in Home Rails who rejoices in a speculative turn of mind. But the Ordinary stocks are they which, in our estimation, deserve the first rise. The Great Western's traffics show every indication of rounding the £150,000 increase by the end of the half-year, and such a result would find a very happy reflection in the dividend to be declared a couple of months hence. It is on the cards that the Midland Company may not be far behind its competitor in the West, although, of course, it will need bumper traffics to do it. Up to the present, the Midland's published increase is £88,500. Excellent figures are recorded by the Brighton Company, and the Brighton stands to benefit a good deal in the next few months by reason of the rapidly developing Continental traffic which goes by Newhaven and Dieppe. The Home Railway Market, lying low as it is at present, will probably have some sharp surprises in store for us in August, and that they will be pleasant ones there can be little doubt.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stroller had been hunting all day for a room wherefrom to see the Coronation Procession, and he was very tired as he turned into Throgmorton Street.

"Aha! what are *you* doing here?" exclaimed a hearty voice.

"Good heavens, man! I left you in the Midlands," was The Stroller's retort. "What are *you* doing in Throgmorton Street, I should like to know?"

"I've come to have a chat with my London broker," the other frankly confessed. "Let me introduce you to him. His office is up here, in Drapers' Gardens."

"What floor? I'm tired, and——"

His friend laughed. "That's all right. I would carry you up if it were high, and there didn't happen to be a lift (which, I believe, there is); but, as it happens, my man hangs out on the ground-floor."

They mounted a few steps, and, a couple of minutes afterwards, were seated in a lofty room, furnished very simply and very substantially. Of course, the inevitable cartoons by "F. C. G." adorned the walls.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," and, closely following his voice, the broker hurried in and shook hands with his client, who introduced him to The Stroller.

"I've brought you a new boy," laughed The Midlandman. "But I am afraid he is in the toils of a rival master."

"We are all friends in the Stock Exchange," was the affable answer.

"There is enough business for everybody, I suppose?"

"Alas! truth compels me to disclaim the impeachment. We are terribly slack all round, and I have no doubt that, if you were to make a sudden call upon my office-boy, he would be found reading the latest details of whatever Society scandal happens to be in the halfpenny papers, or else trying to spot a winner."

"Well, to come to the point," said The Midlandman, "we two have been discussing the Etruscan position. Each of us has a few shares and we don't know whether it would be advisable to clear out or to hold for a better price. We paid about 3 1/2 for ours. What do you advise?"

The broker drew a thoughtful face.

"I got rid of all mine the other day," he replied. "But that is hardly advice, is it? I find myself far from infallible, and possibly I may be rueing my precipitation a few months hence."

The Midlander ran over the points which had made them think of selling their shares, and the broker nodded an assent.

"I shall sell mine and get rid of them. They're only a worry, after all."

"And mine may go with them," added The Stroller.

The broker touched a button. "Send Mr. —— to me," he told the boy who answered the bell.

"Go and see if you can find any market in Etruscans in the street,



LOADING CAMELS ON THE MURCHISON GOLDFIELD,
WEST AUSTRALIA.

"will you please," he said, when his representative appeared. "Or, wait a minute. I'll go myself."

"I will come with you," said The Stroller, rising. "I like mousing about your street, and, if I happen to miss you, I'll come back in a quarter of an hour."

In Throgmorton Street our friend quickly managed to elude the broker, and got into the middle of one of his favourite crowds.

"The Jungle Market is going to the devil!" declared one man.

"It ought to burn well, anyway," replied another.

"The worthless paper of the share-certificates will, no doubt, assist the proverbial flames," continued a third.

"Oh, drop your stupid epigrams!" cried a fat individual with a cigar to match.

"Wassau'll this noise about?" inquired his right-hand neighbour. "Aren't we going to get gold from West Africa which shall put the Rand output to the eternal blush? Why, all the newspapers said so eighteen months ago."

"Don't quote your five-shilling paragraphs to me," snapped one of the former speakers. "I am too old for that sort of kid now."

"We are none of us too old to learn, not even the youngest," quoth the fat man.

"Who's epigrammatic now?" demanded the man he had previously accused and who evidently thought the axiom was original.

"You can all keep your Jungle shares," said the oracle airily.

"Thank you so much!" chorused grateful voices.

"I mean, the market is coming round to better days, and, if you think it's dead for ever, you are making a mad mistake."

"Show us the gold," grumbled a greedy broker. "Here is the Rand already turning out its gold by the hundred thousand ounces a month, and West Africa cannot conjure up a paltry thousand."

"I suppose you've got your figures right?" queried one of the group.

"Go and check them for yourself if you don't believe me," was the retort uncourteous.

"Nevertheless, all the same and for all that," the fat man struck in, "I tell you we are going to have a market there again, and, if you sell your Jungles now, you will bitterly regret it."

"H'm! I have already got one set of bitter regrets, brought on by having taken a hand in the West Africans," complained another; "and I shall have a fresh lot if I catch pneumonia by staying out in the cold any longer. Night-night," and he walked off at a brisk pace.

"I must go and have a glance at the American Market," thought The Stroller to himself. "Negative advice isn't very comforting; but, from what those fellows seem to think, I may yet see a profit on some of my present joyless Jungles," and, rather pleased with his alliterative conclusion, he walked into what remains of Shorter's Court.

"Gamble in Louisville?" he heard a jobber exclaim. "Gamble in Louisville! You might as well play pitch-and-toss with Pierpont Morgan himself. Why, man, it would be simple madness."

"Ah, well!" returned the would-be speculator, somewhat sadly, "it was only a fancy, to be sure. But what about Unions?"

"There you have a thing which you can put your clients into with much less risk," the jobber assured him.

"Do you believe they will put up the price as they have done that of Louisville?"

"They might. Who knows? As a matter of fact, I expect Unions to go at least five dollars better."

"On manipulation, you mean?"

"Mainly, of course. But the line is doing well, you must remember. And there's a strong crowd at the back of it."

"Who's going to support the American market when the Railroad bosses are all over here for the Coronation? It seems to me they might just as well shut down all the markets for that week."

"You needn't fear that any Yankee financier will neglect his business simply for the sake of seeing a King crowned. And I tell you that Unions are going better, my boy! If I didn't—"

"At last we've found you," and The Stroller's arm was appropriated by his Midland friend. "You were away so long that I told my broker I would find you and tell you myself that he has sold the Etruscans."

"Thank you," responded our protégé. "Now you come up to my broker's and go halves in a few Unions."

It was nearly seven o'clock before they turned their faces Westward. "I wonder how our evening's work will pan out?" remarked The Stroller, as they got into a cab and made for the Trocadero.

Friday, May 16, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F. E. R.—As to the Tobacco Pref. shares, you have exactly understood our meaning. For the other £200 you might buy Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock, or Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, or Cape of Good Hope Inscribed stock, or, if you can get them, some good Colonial Corporation Bonds, such as Wellington Waterworks or Dunedin Consols.

AVERAGE.—There are all sorts of stories going about, and we do not advise you to average. Our inclination would rather be to advise sale of your present holding.

O. V. D.—See answer to "F. E. R." The securities mentioned there should do for you.

W.M. S.—We have not succeeded in getting all the information you want. The Gunpowder concern makes up its accounts to Dec. 31 and holds its meeting in April. The offices are at 28, Gresham Street. The Theatre offices are at 77, King William Street. Write to the Secretary about the meeting, and do the same in the case of the Palace of Varieties, merely addressing the letter to Liverpool.

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H. M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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NOTE.—Small Selections of our Fine-Art Plates are to be seen at the Cork Exhibition and at Bingley Hall Exhibition, Birmingham.

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